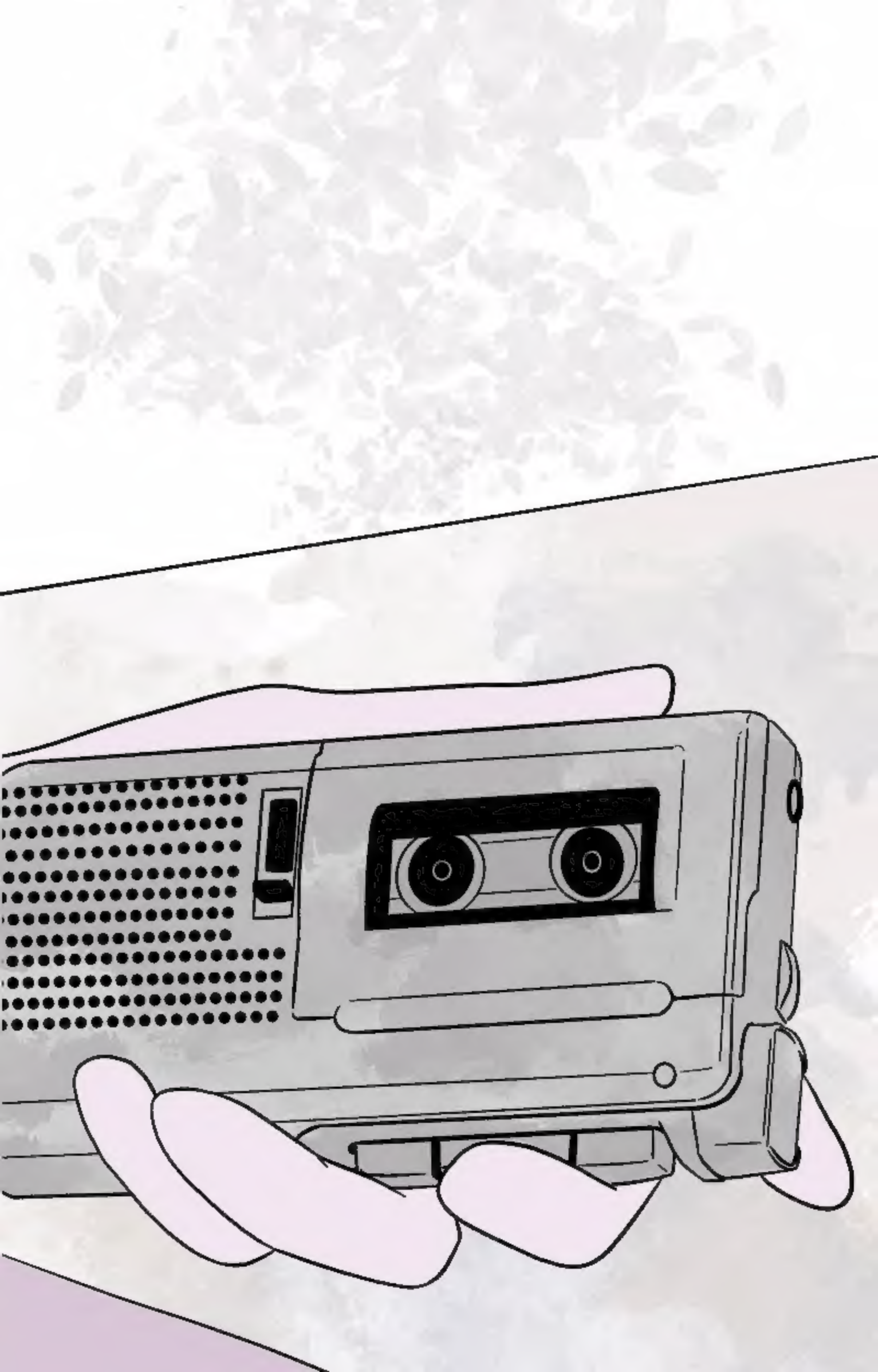


CLICK

JOURNAL ENTRY...

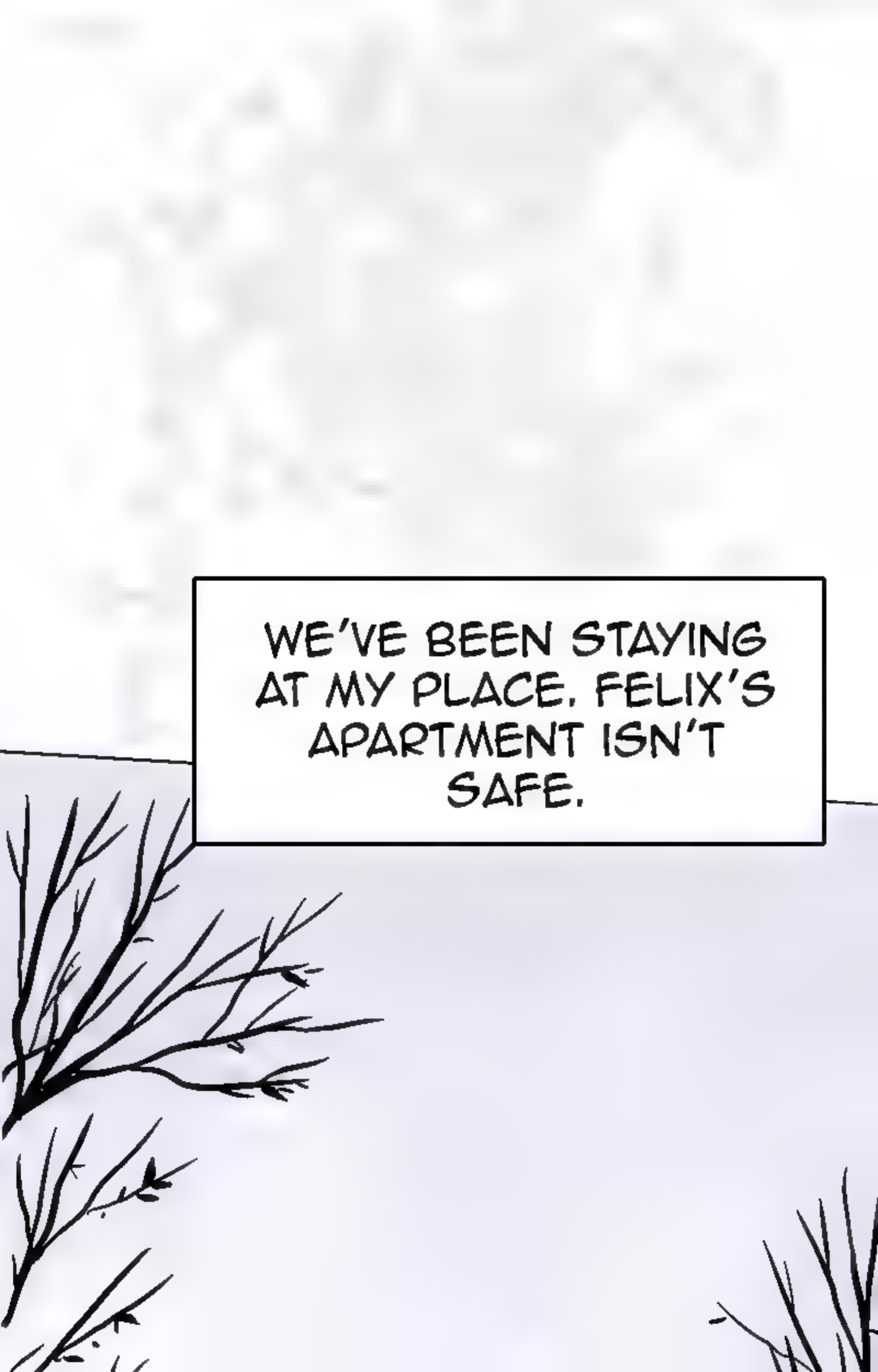
NUMBER FOUR.

IT'S BEEN WEEKS SINCE WE ESCAPED FROM THE MINE...

...SINCE WE BROUGHT JEREMY HOME.

IT'S BEEN ONE OF THOSE YEARS, WHERE THERE WAS BARELY AN AUTUMN TO SPEAK OF.

THE LEAVES FELL DOWN PRACTICALLY OVERNIGHT, AND THE SNOW BEGAN.

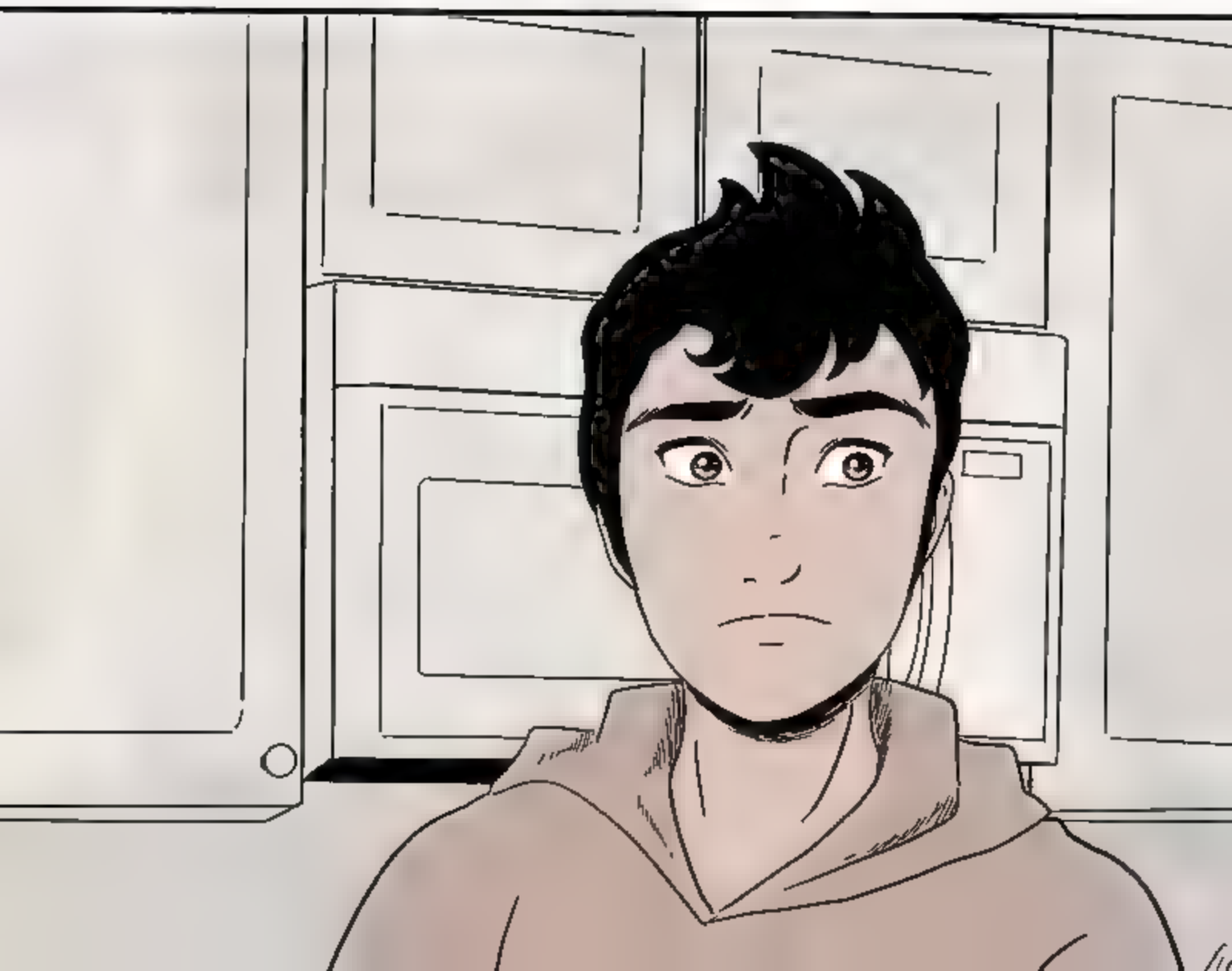

WE'VE BEEN STAYING AT MY PLACE. FELIX'S APARTMENT ISN'T SAFE.

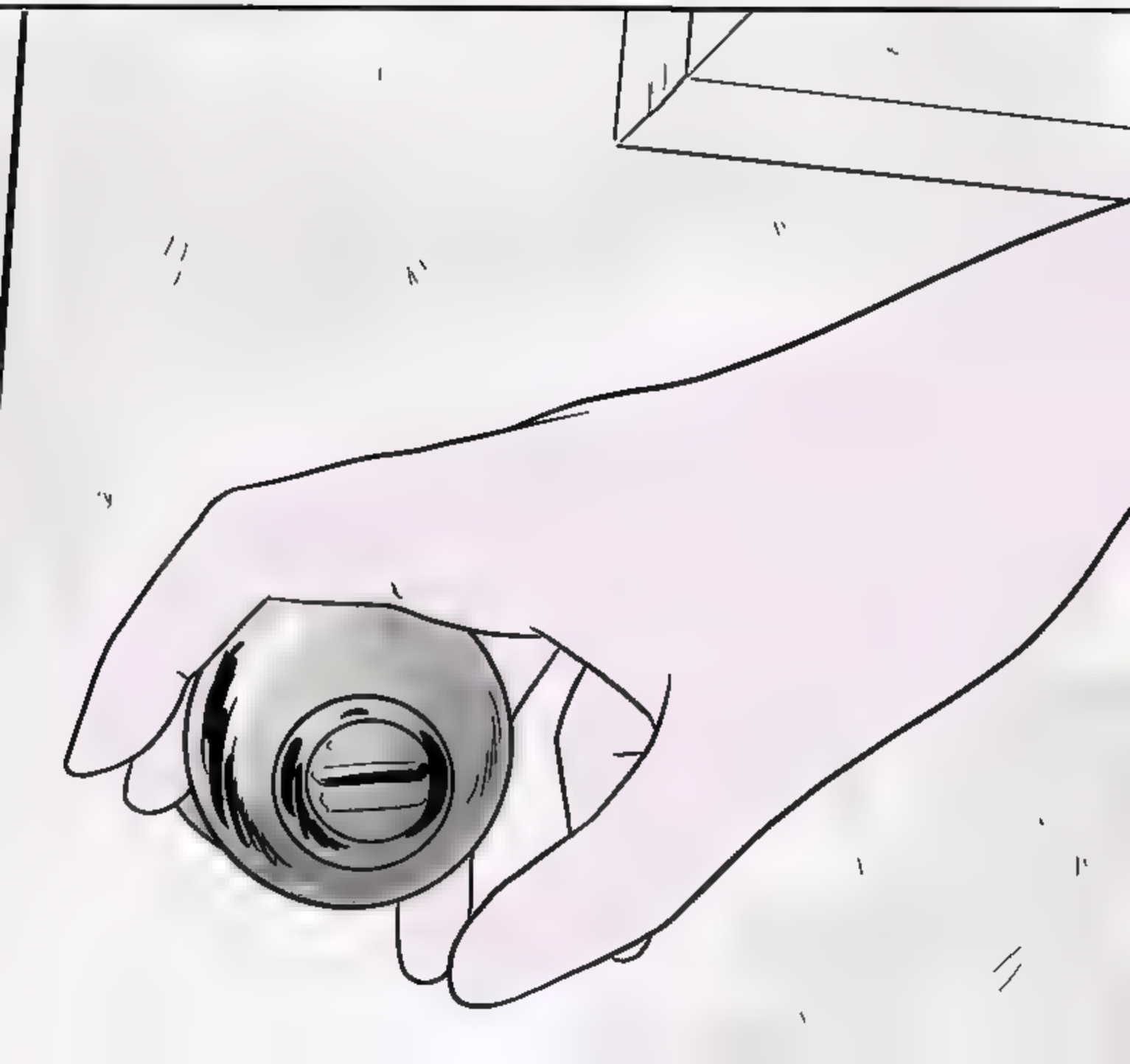
AND WE CAN'T AFFORD ANYWHERE ELSE NOW.

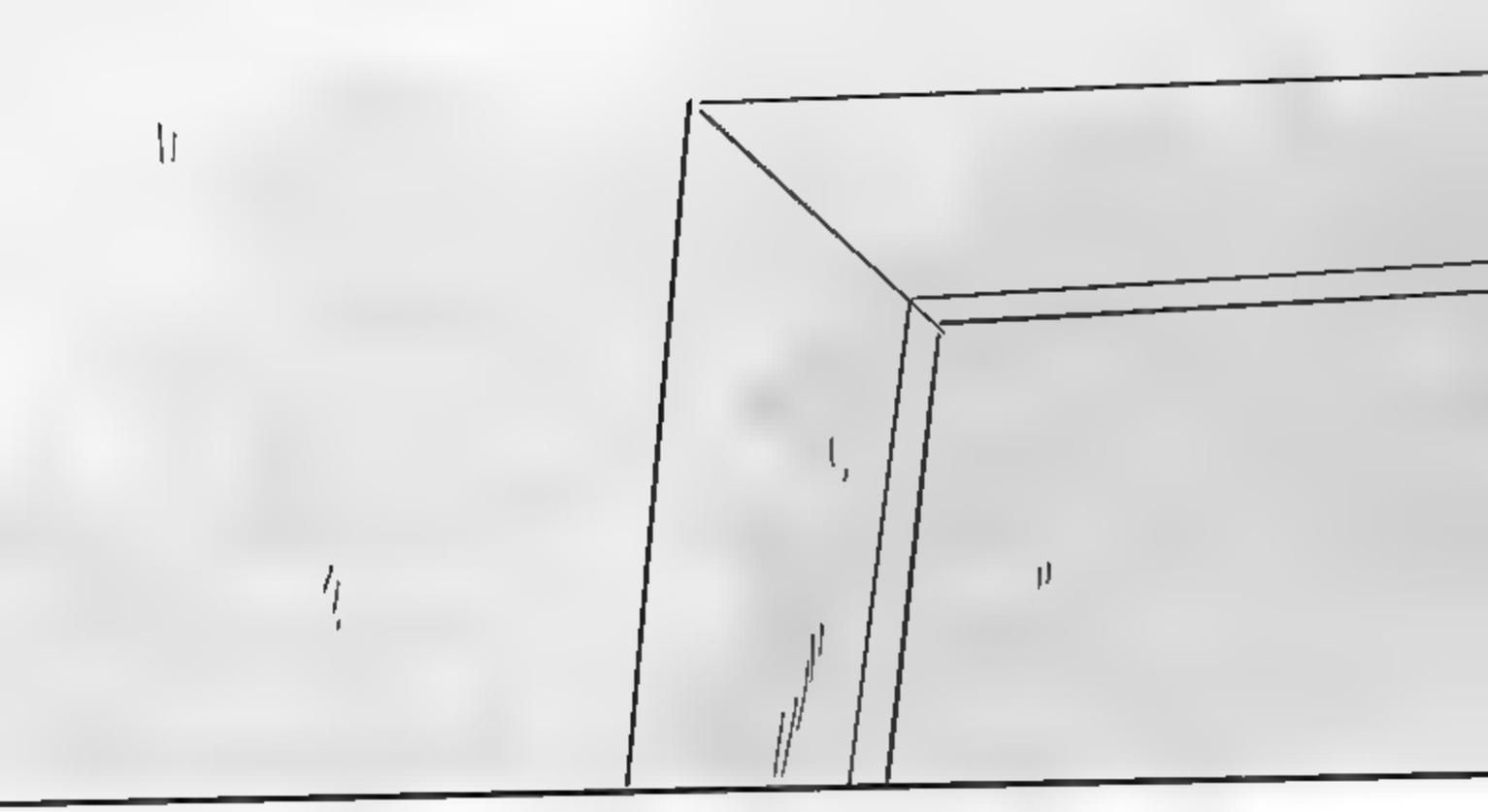
IT'S NOT SO BAD, EVEN IF IT'S A ONE-BEDROOM.

FELIX BROUGHT HIS MATTRESS OVER AND I SLEEP ON THE COUCH.

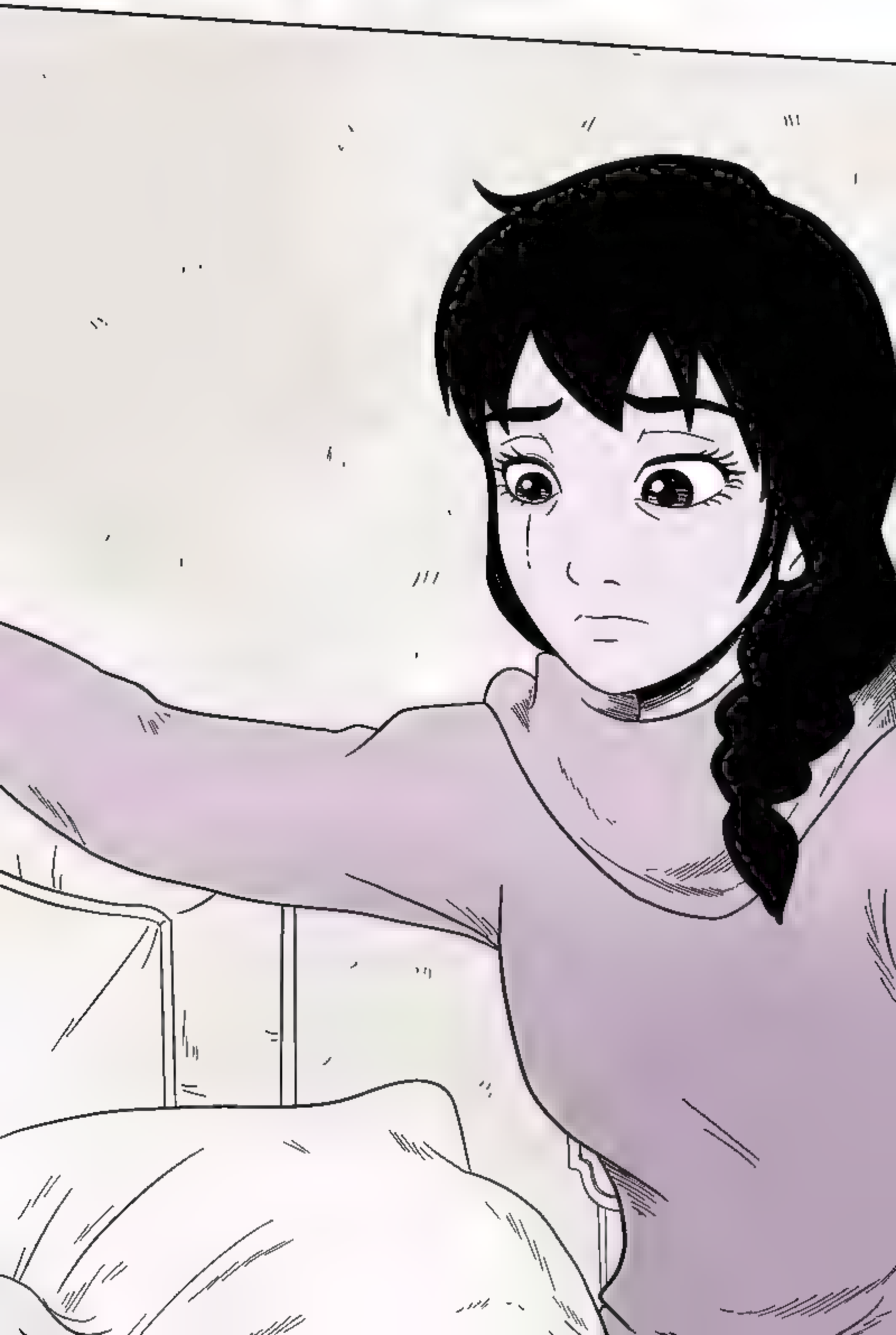
IT'S FINE.

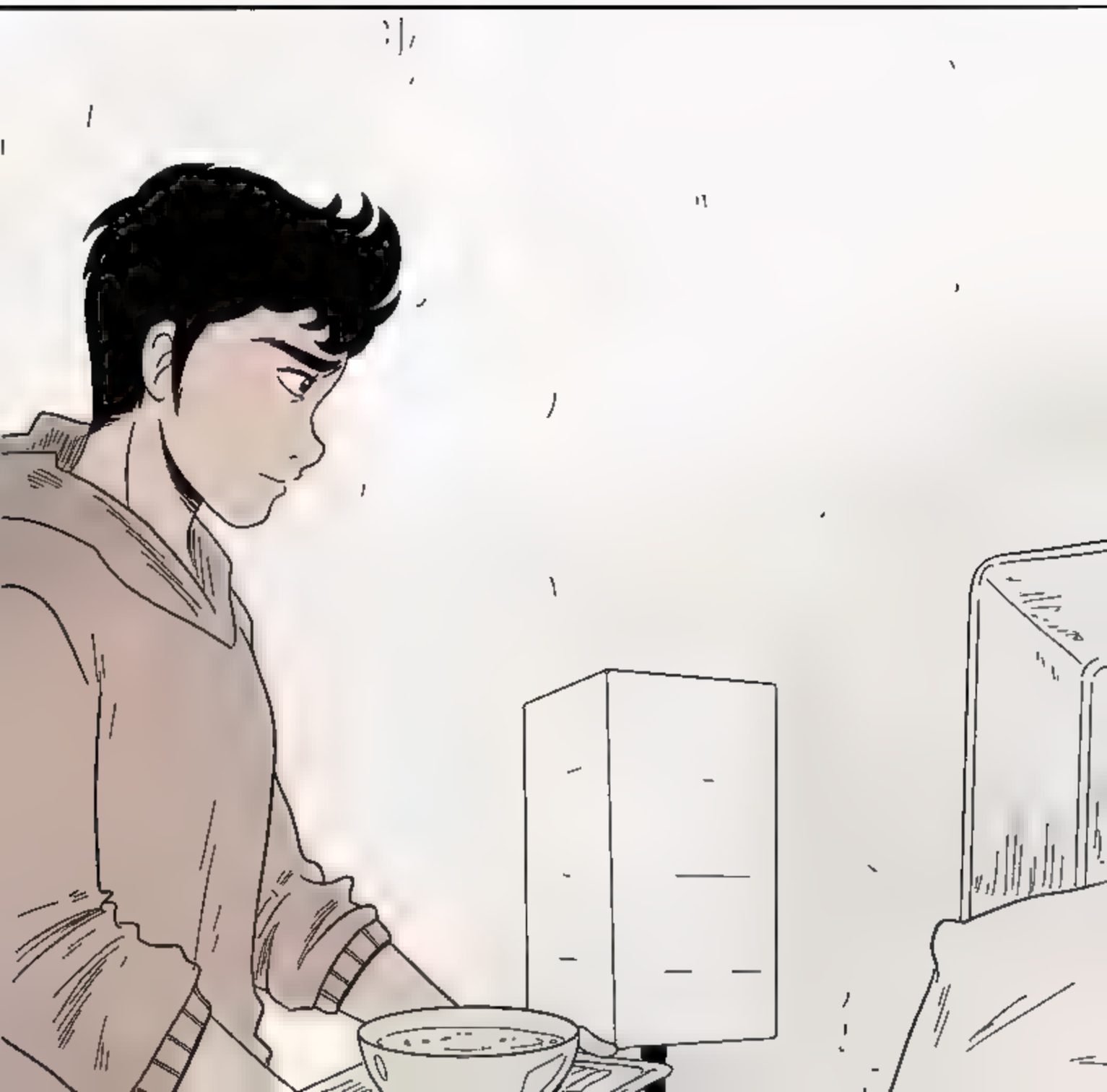


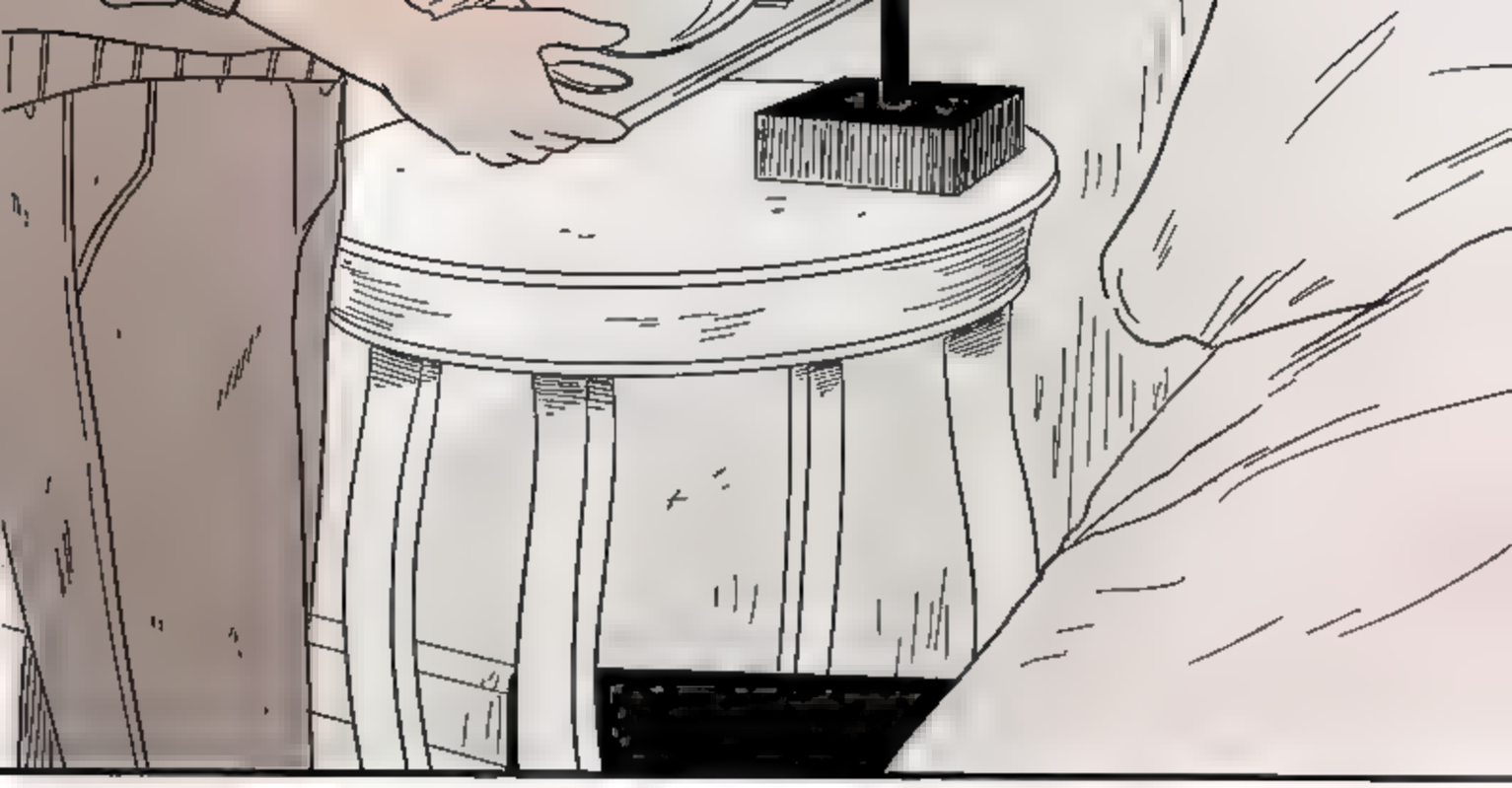




CREAAAK...

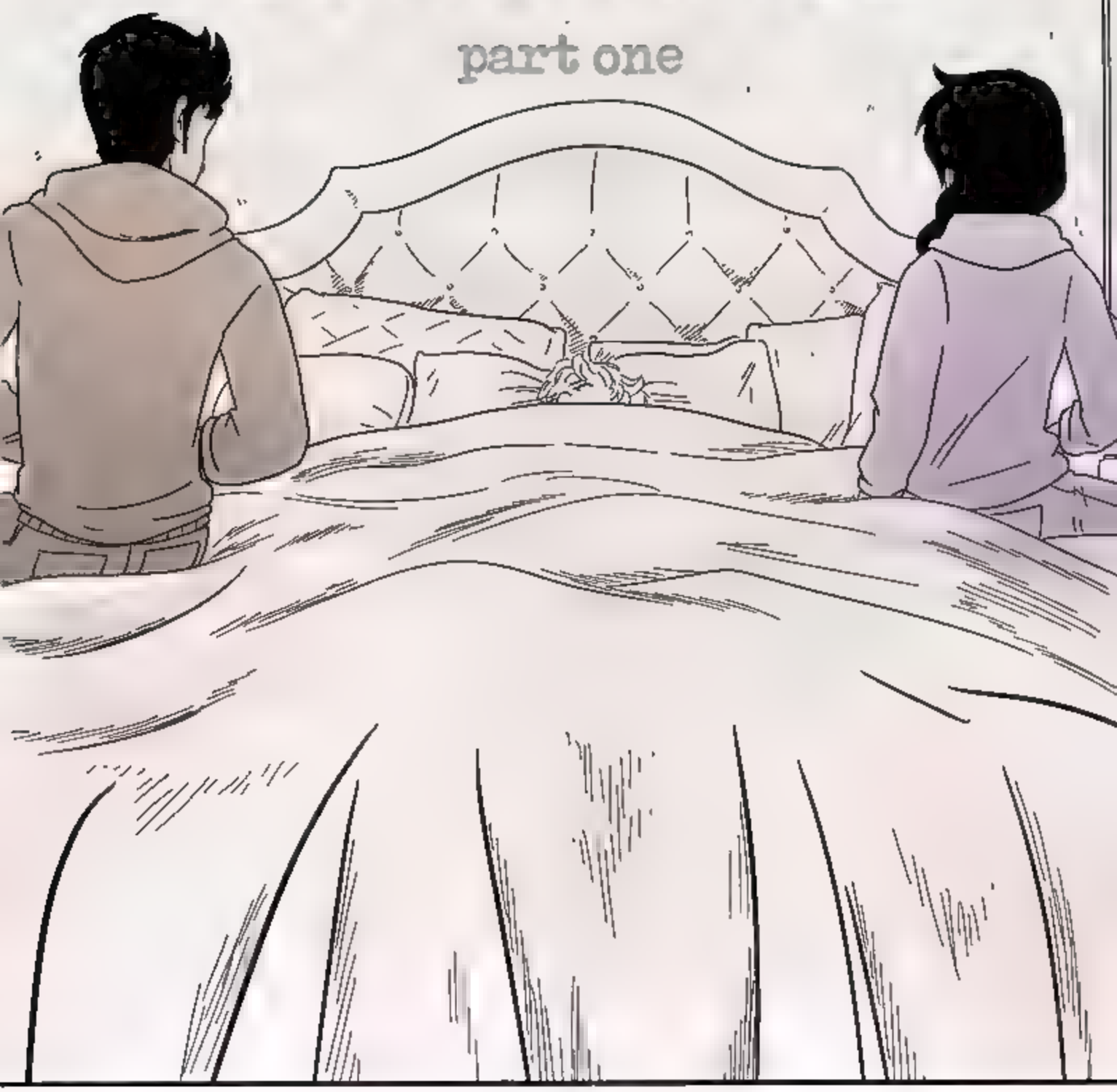




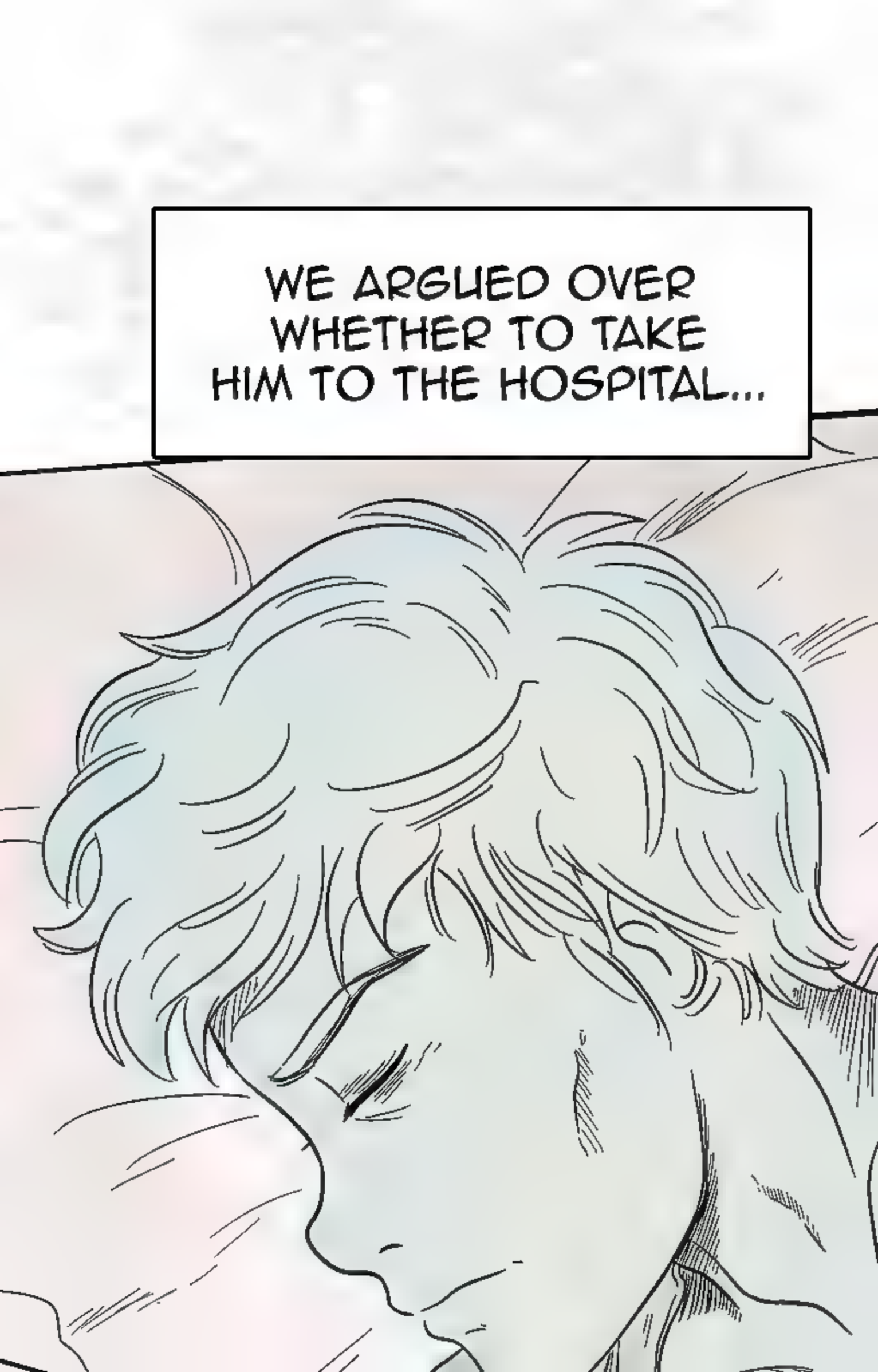


LONG HAUL

part one

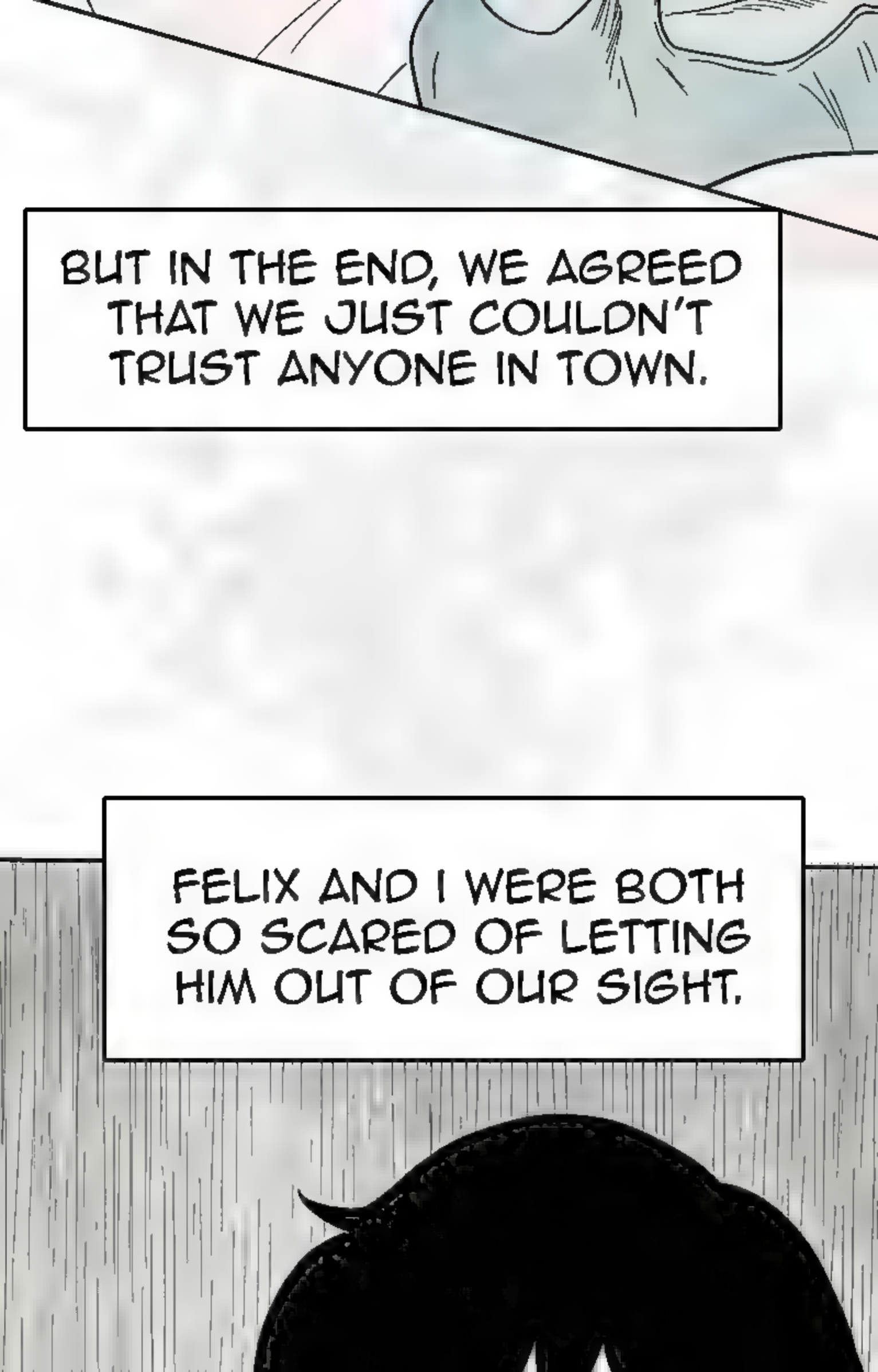


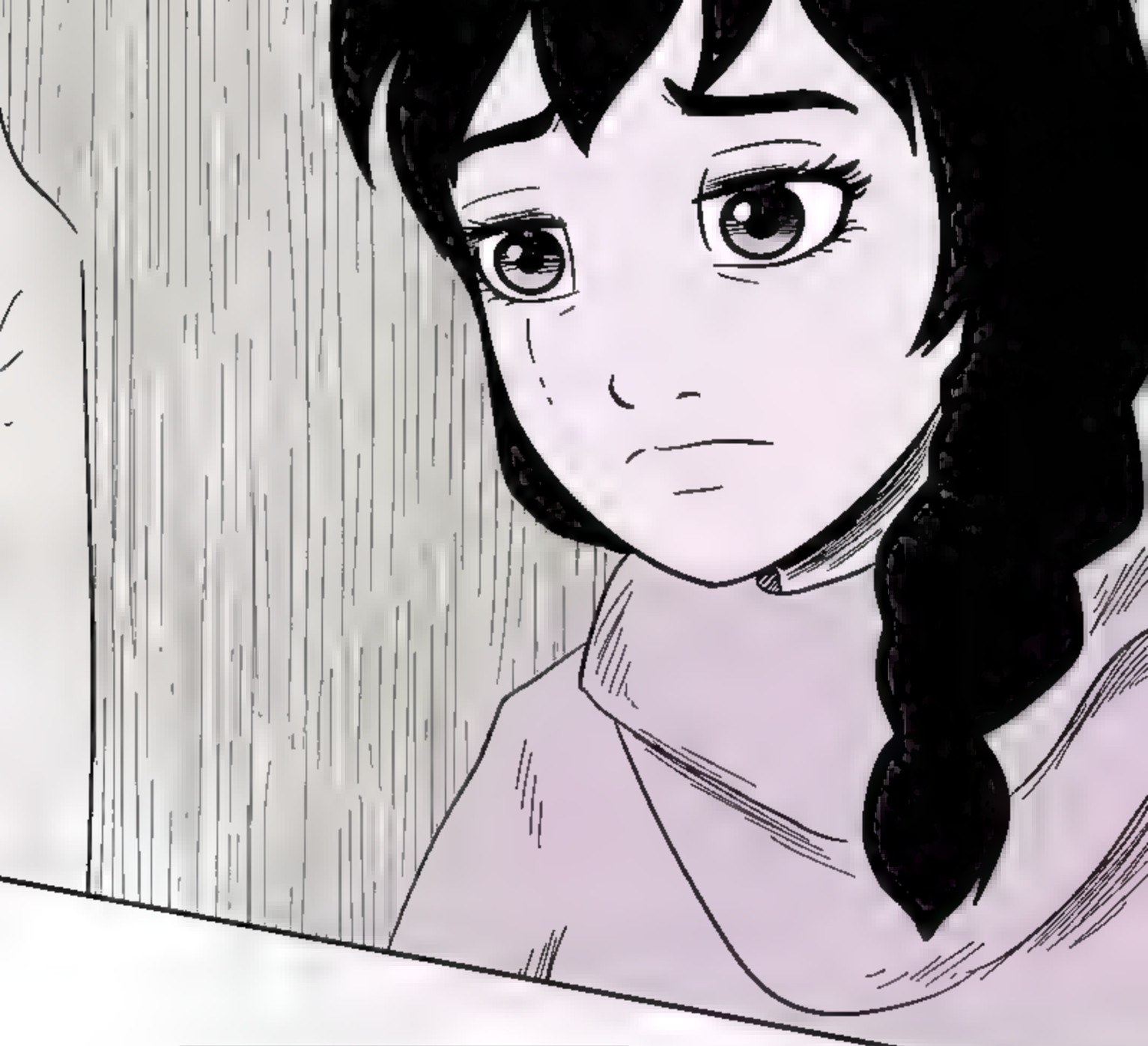
JEREMY WAS OUT COLD FOR SEVERAL DAYS AFTER WE BROUGHT HIM HOME.


WE ARGUED OVER WHETHER TO TAKE HIM TO THE HOSPITAL...

BUT IN THE END, WE AGREED THAT WE JUST COULDN'T TRUST ANYONE IN TOWN.

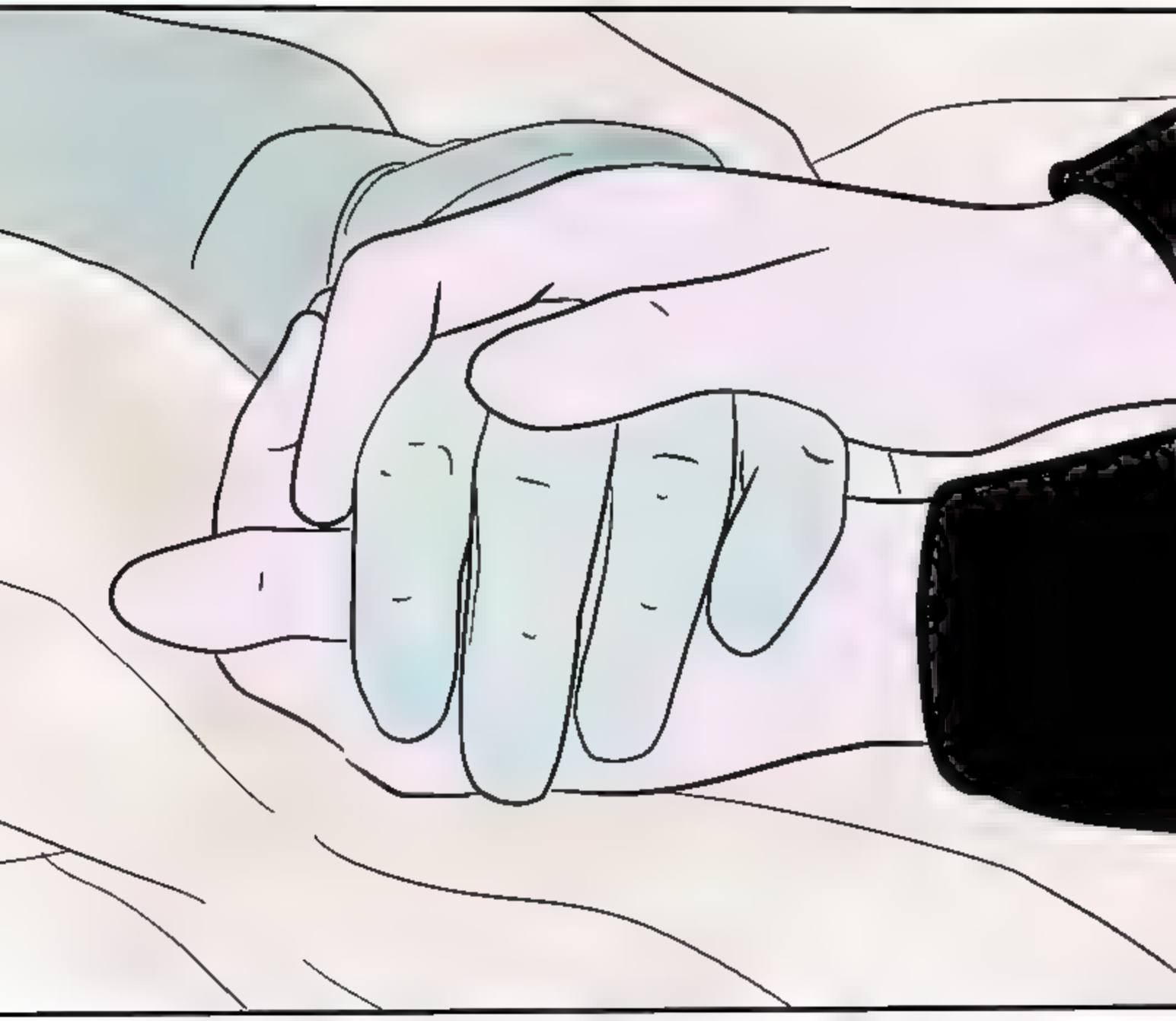
FELIX AND I WERE BOTH SO SCARED OF LETTING HIM OUT OF OUR SIGHT.

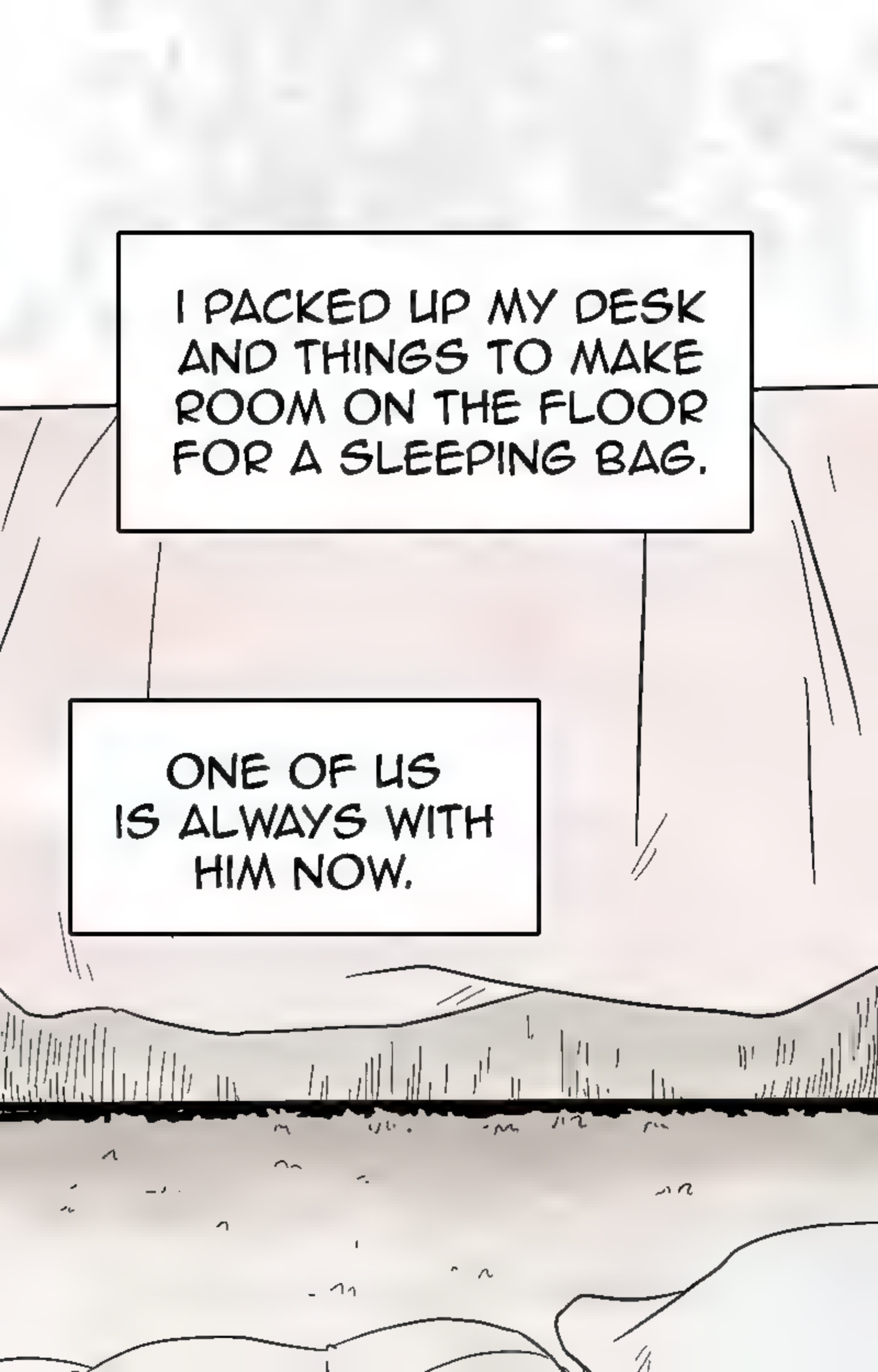




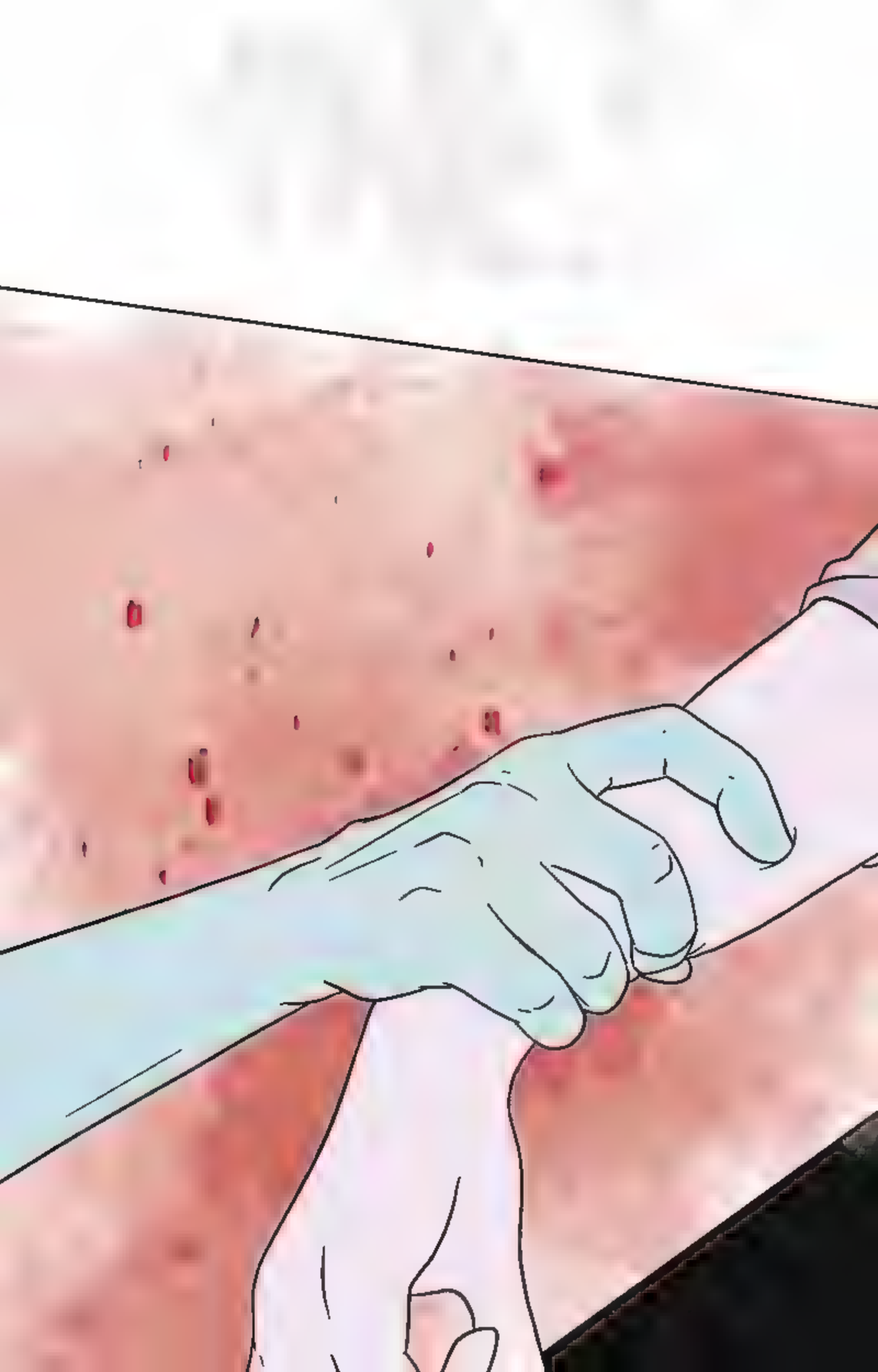
WE'RE NOT DOCTORS.

BUT WE DID OUR BEST. HE NEEDS CONSTANT ATTENTION AND CARE.

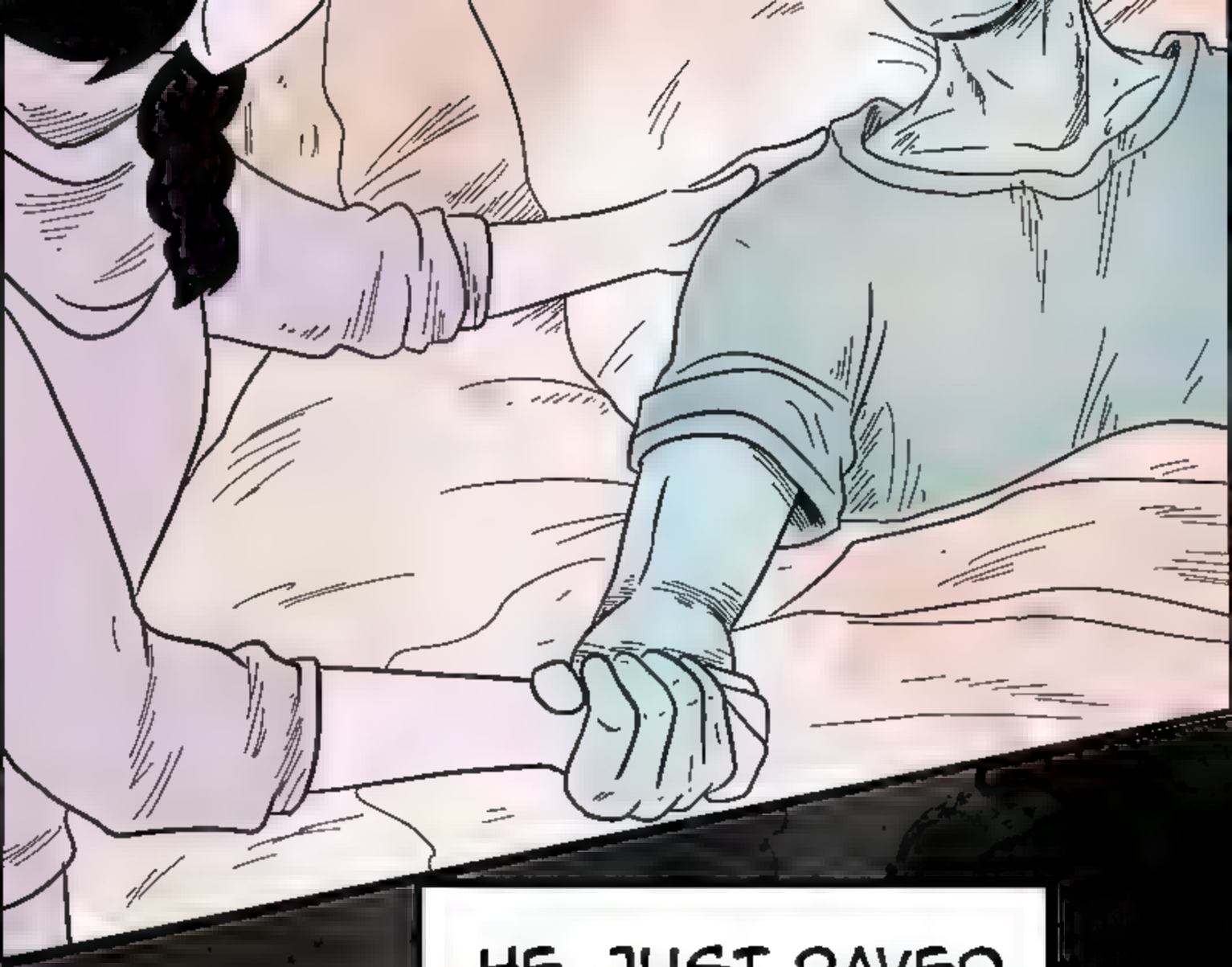



I PACKED UP MY DESK AND THINGS TO MAKE ROOM ON THE FLOOR FOR A SLEEPING BAG.
ONE OF US IS ALWAYS WITH HIM NOW.

THE FIRST WEEK AFTER JEREMY WOKE UP, HE WOULDN'T LET GO.



HE COULDN'T SPEAK.



HE JUST RAVED AND CRIED....

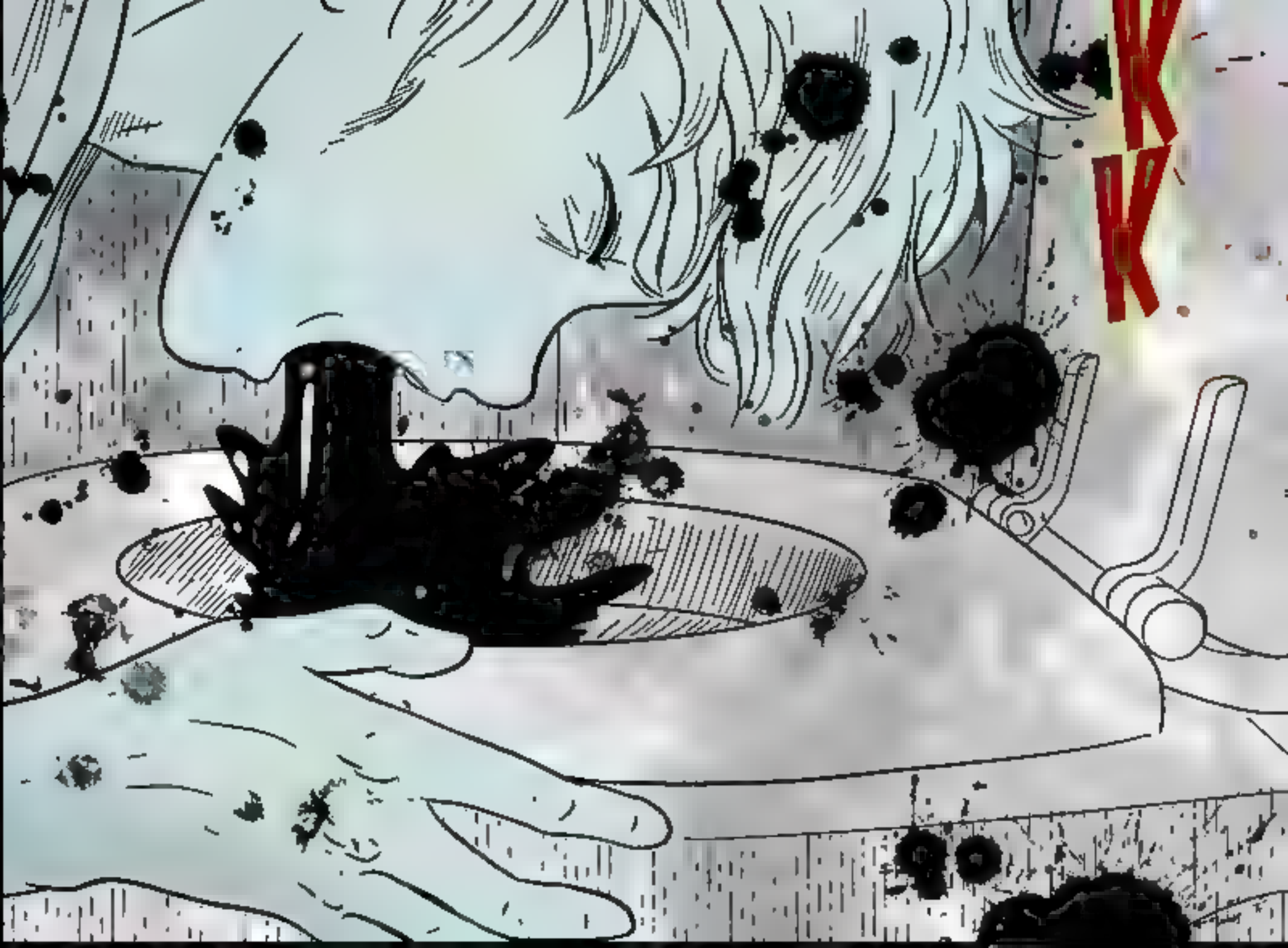
...HE'D GET HYSTERICAL IF WE TRIED TO LEAVE HIM ALONE.

WE ENDED UP TAKING SHIFTS.

THROUGH IT ALL, HE NEVER SPOKE A WORD.

WE KEPT HOPING HE WOULD EVENTUALLY TALK TO US.
MAYBE THERE AREN'T ANY WORDS FOR WHAT HE SAW DOWN THERE, IN THE DARK.

AT THE BEGINNING, HE WOULDN'T STOP COUGHING UP THAT BLACK STUFF.

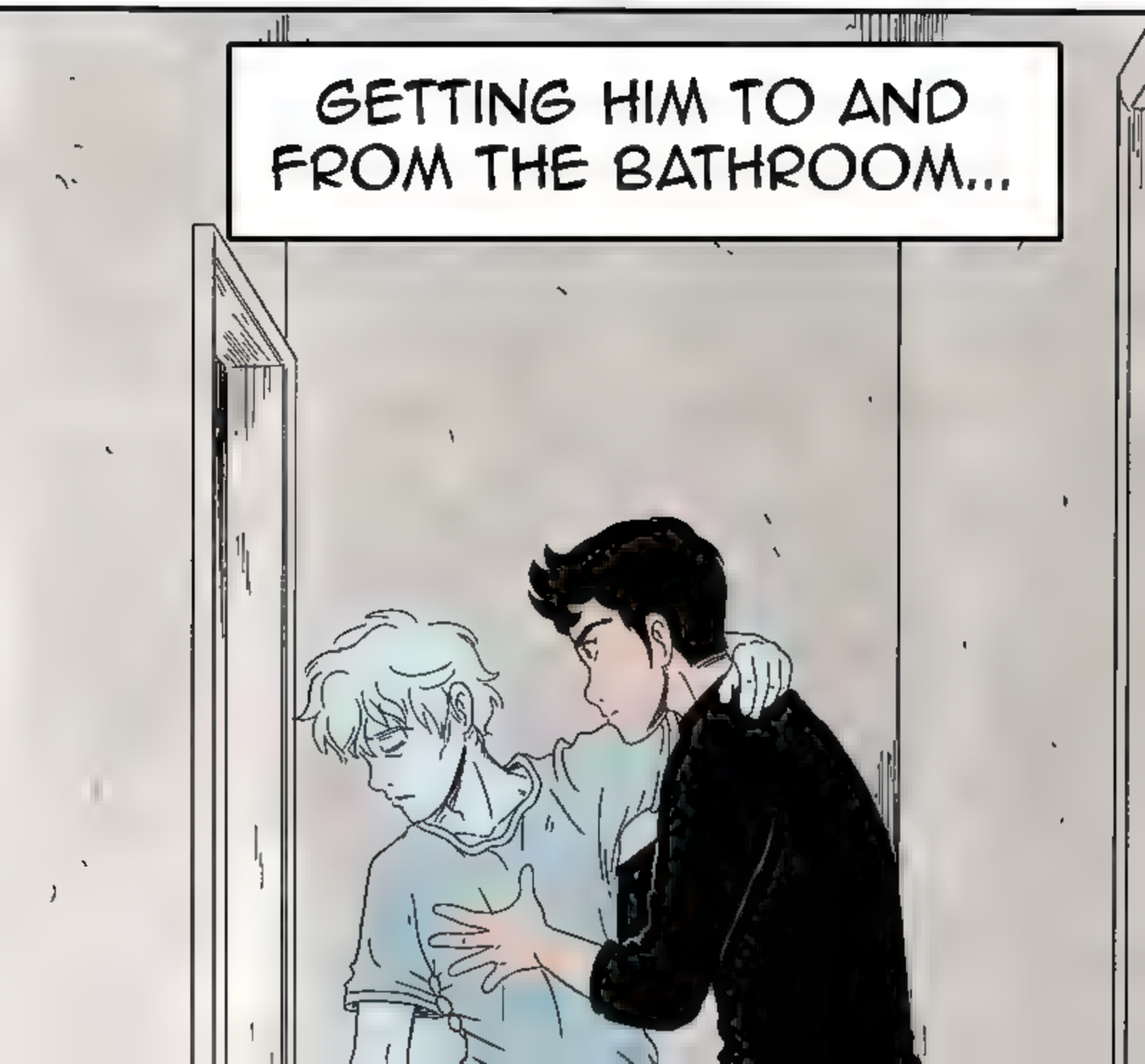


IT WAS JUST...*HORRIBLE*, WATCHING HIM SUFFER. NOT BEING ABLE TO *DO* ANYTHING FOR HIM.

IT TOOK A WHILE, BUT HE FINALLY GOT IT ALL OUT OF HIS SYSTEM.

I'M SO GRATEFUL FELIX STEPPED UP, TAKING CARE OF THE THINGS THAT I COULDN'T.

HELPING JEREMY GET DRESSED...


GETTING HIM TO AND FROM THE BATHROOM...

...HELPING HIM STAY CLEAN...

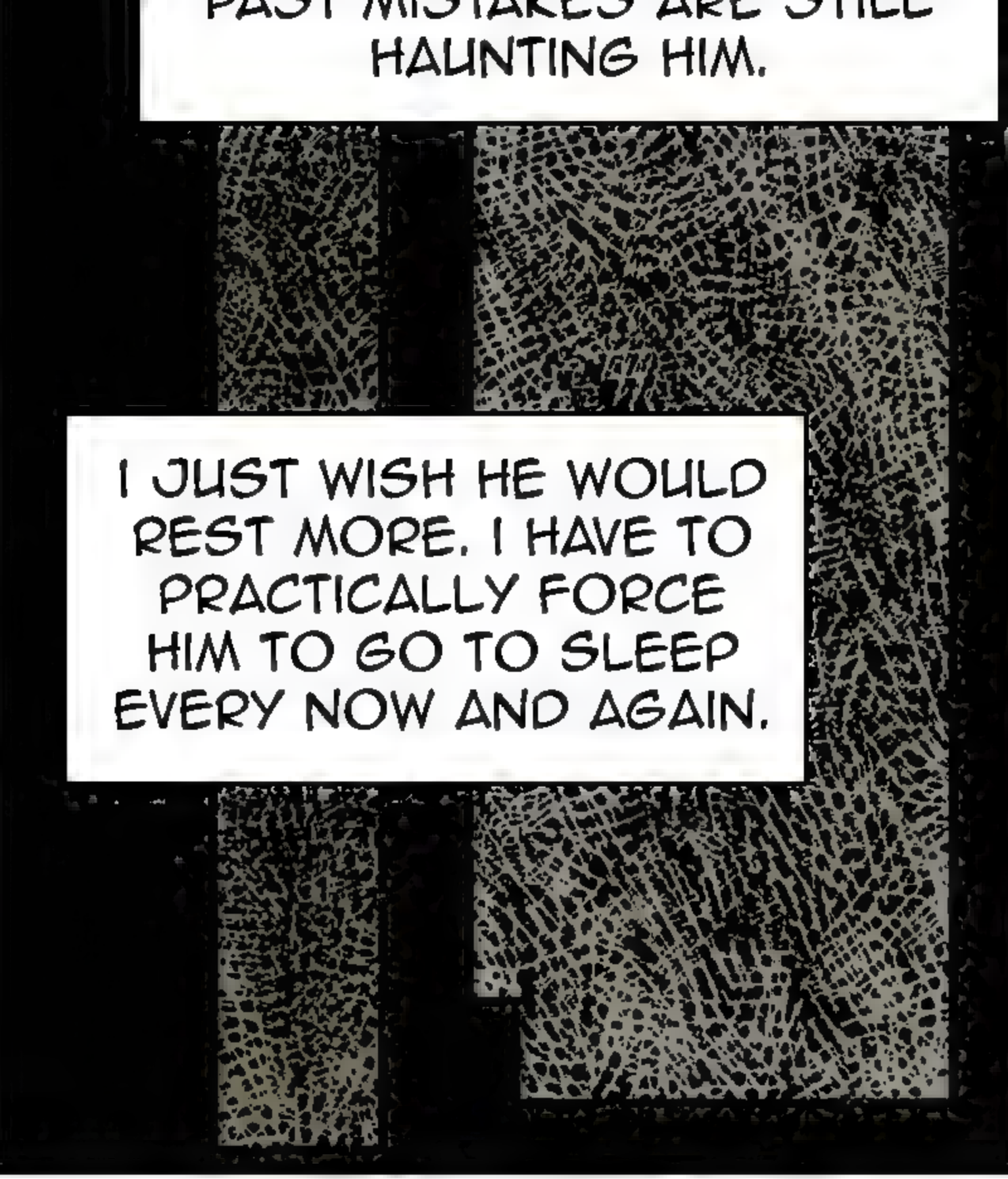
THE GUY SHOULD HAVE BEEN A NURSE. HE WAS BORN FOR THE JOB.

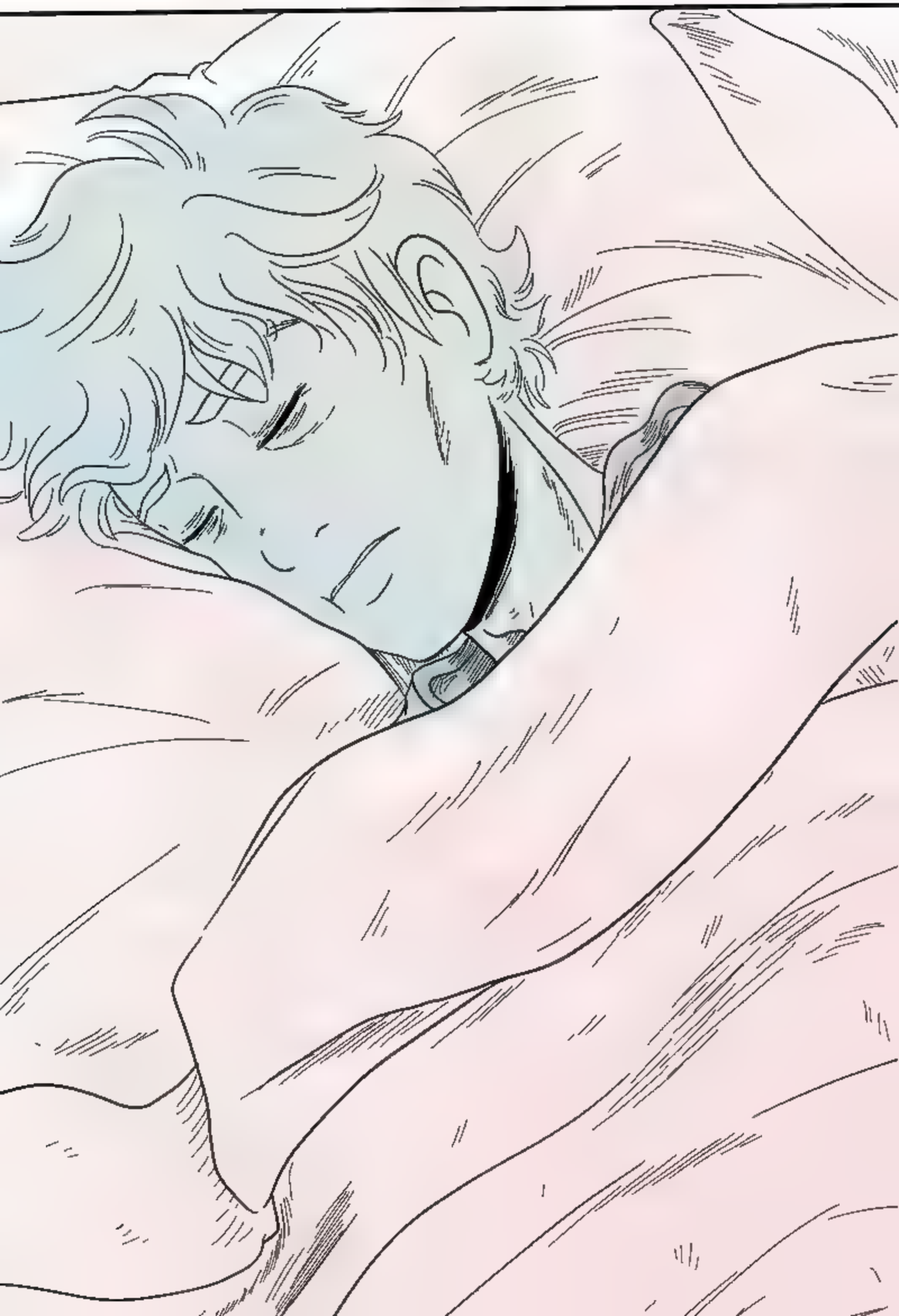
I TRIED TO HELP BY DOING THE COOKING, BUT FELIX INSISTED ON DOING THAT AS WELL.

MOST THINGS I TRIED TO DO, FELIX WOULD JUST TAKE OVER AND FINISH IT ALL BY HIMSELF.

I FEEL LIKE...

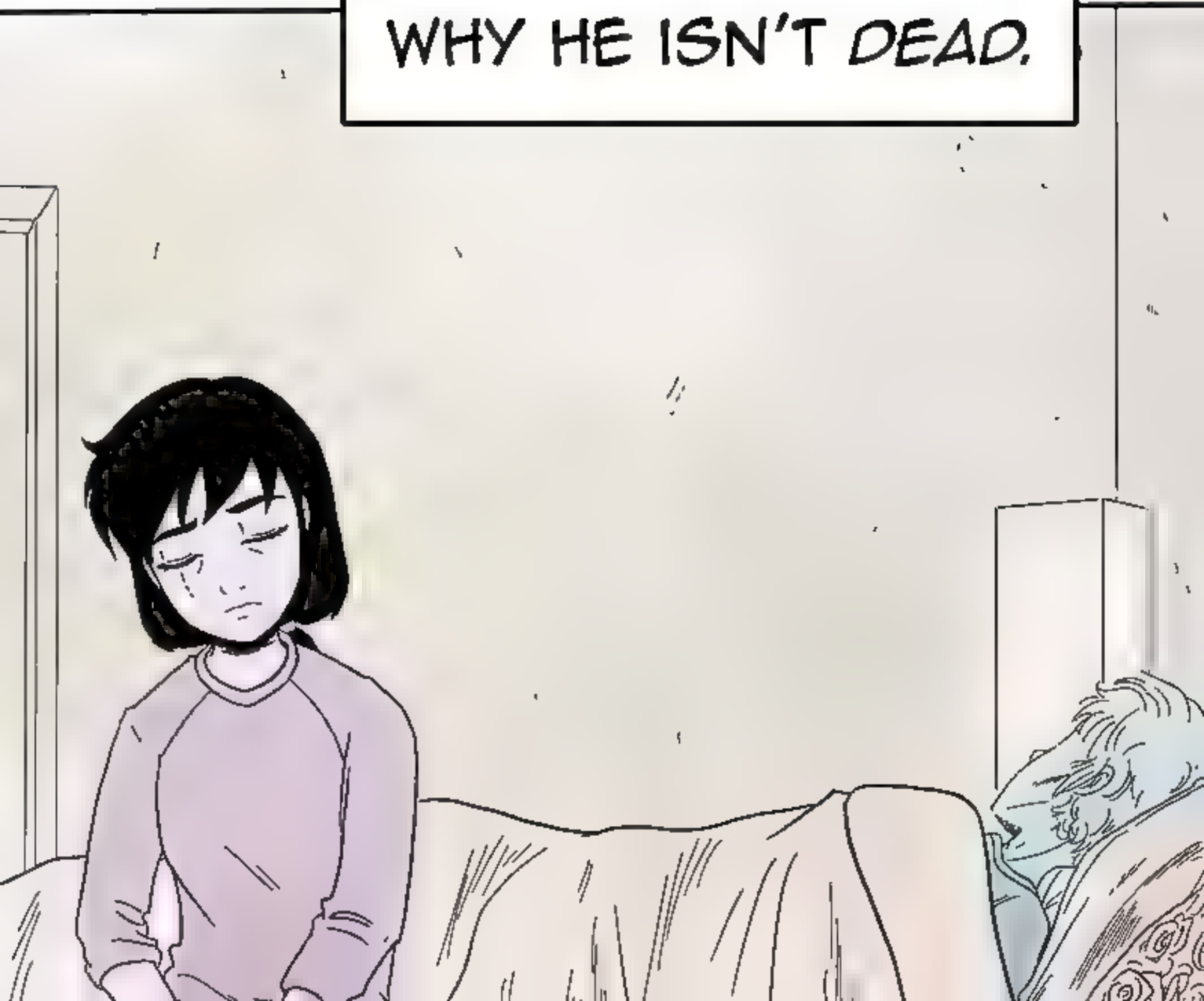
...LIKE HE'S DETERMINED TO MAKE UP FOR WHATEVER

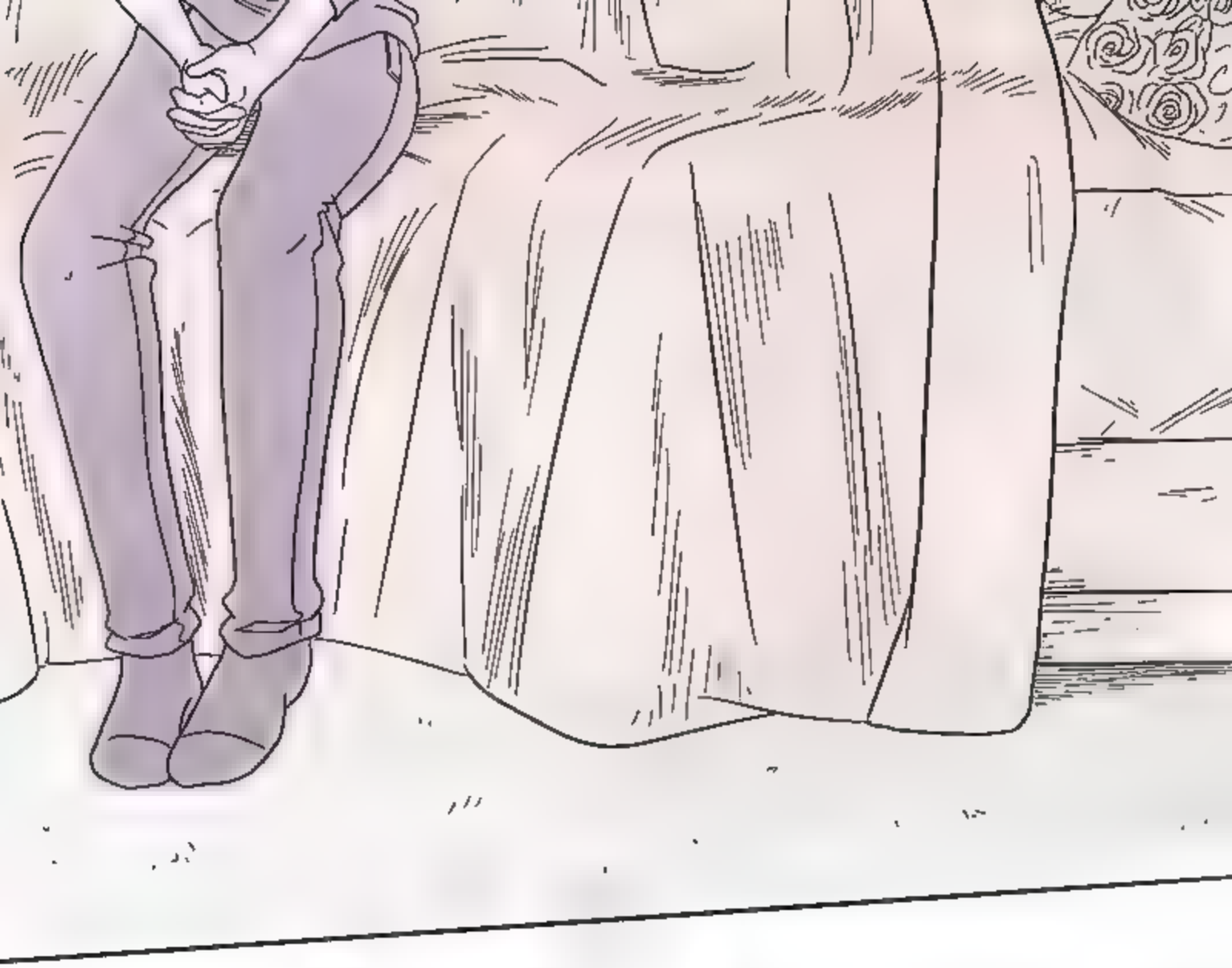

PAST MISTAKES ARE STILL HAUNTING HIM.
I JUST WISH HE WOULD REST MORE. I HAVE TO PRACTICALLY FORCE HIM TO GO TO SLEEP EVERY NOW AND AGAIN.



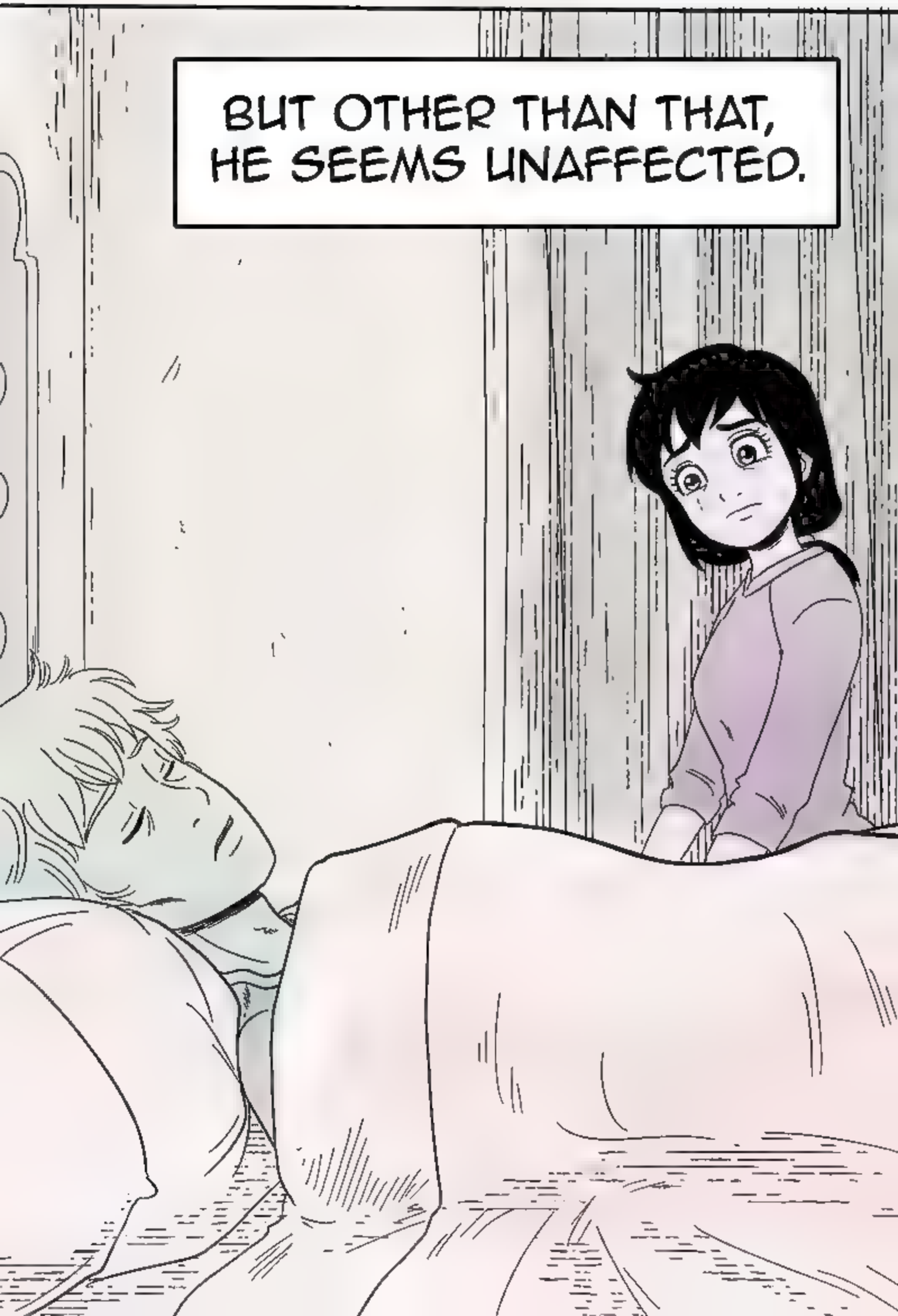
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE'S NOT BURNED.

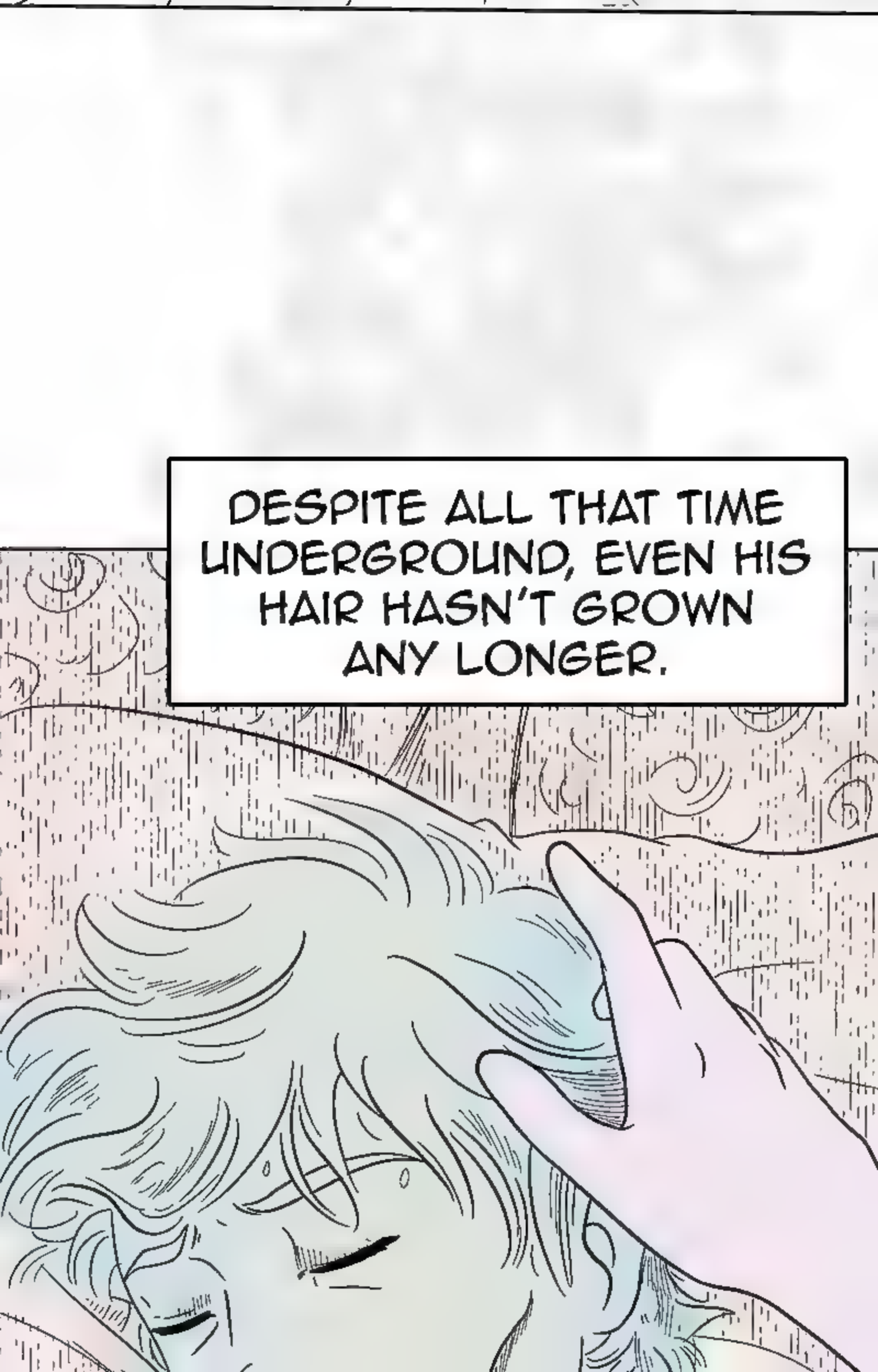
WHY HE ISN'T *DEAD.*

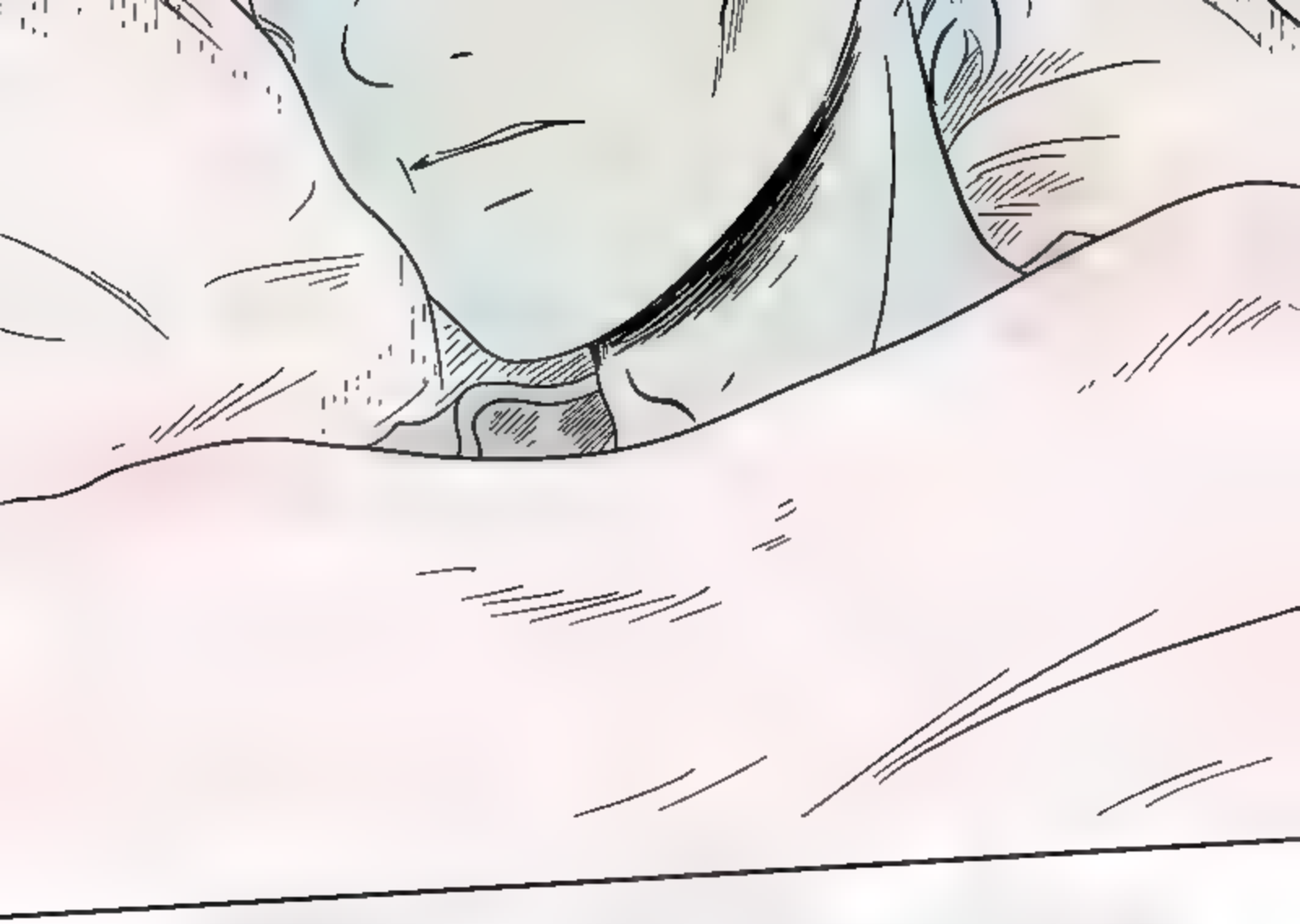




HE'S SICK, AND HE'S BEEN THROUGH SOMETHING *TERRIBLE*...


BUT OTHER THAN THAT, HE SEEMS UNAFFECTED.


DESPITE ALL THAT TIME UNDERGROUND, EVEN HIS HAIR HASN'T GROWN ANY LONGER.



ACTUALLY...

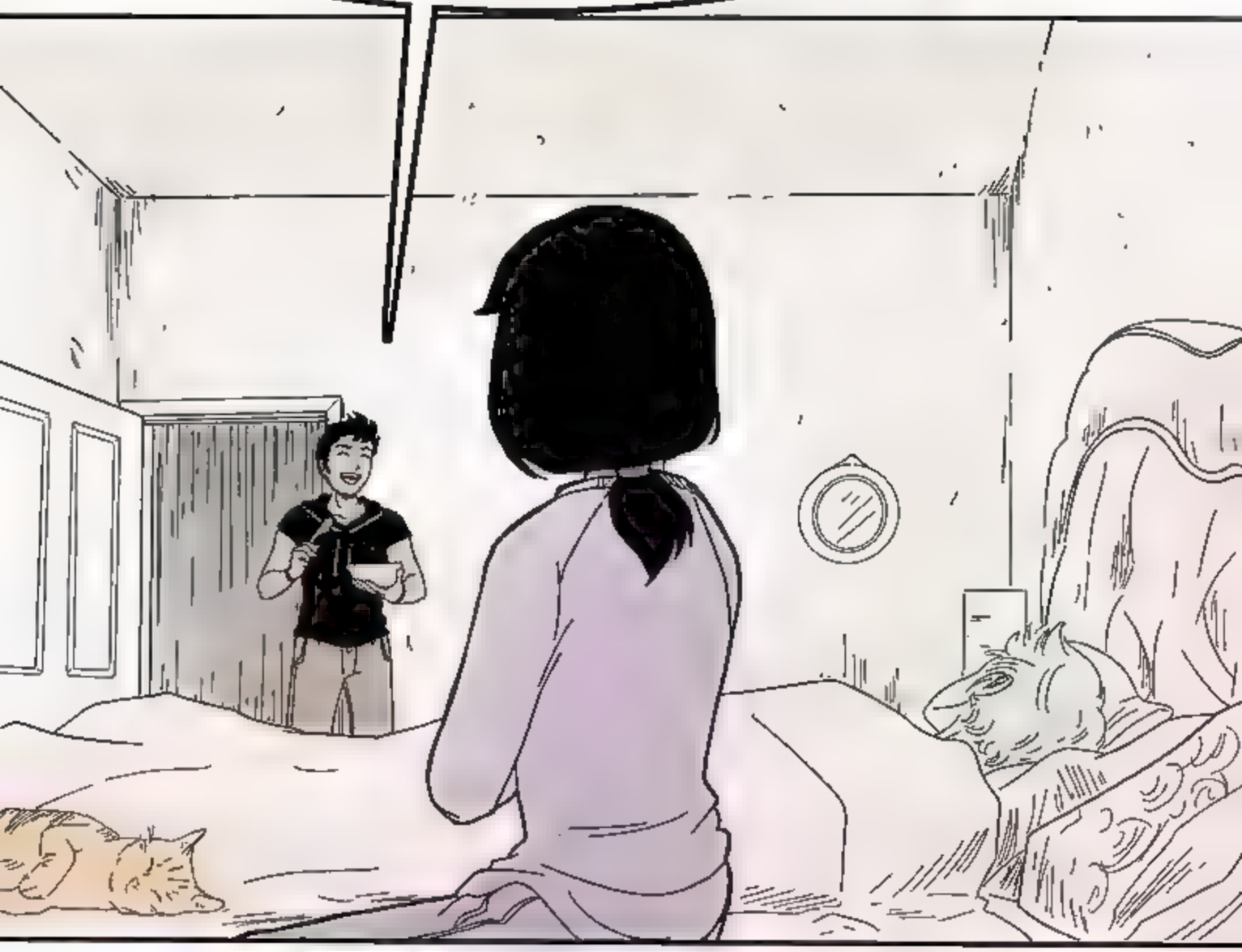
IT'S BEEN FALLING OUT.

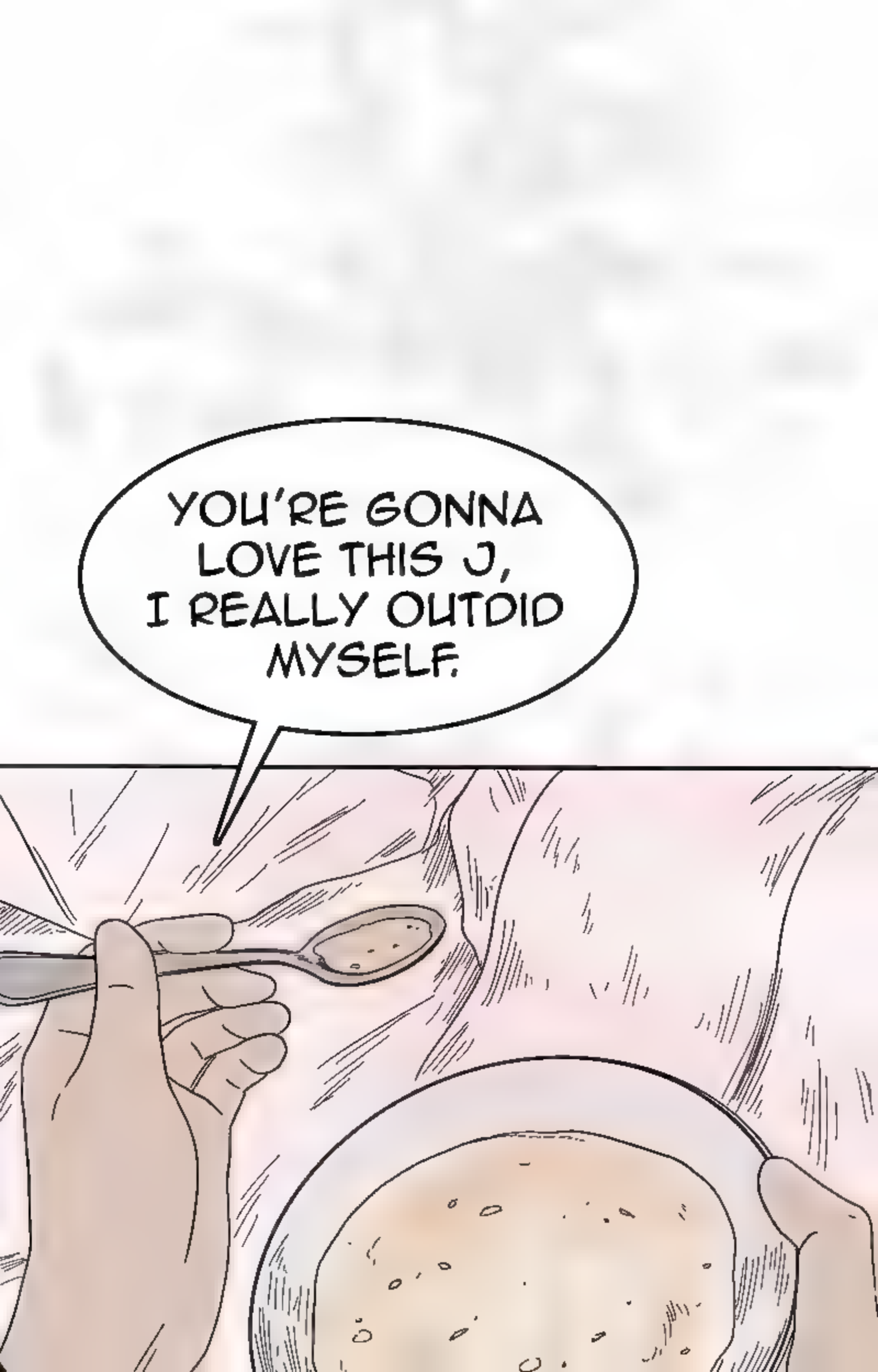
I'M SO TIRED.
AND I KNOW FELIX IS TOO, EVEN IF HE TRIES TO HIDE IT.

WE KEEP WAITING FOR SOMETHING BAD TO HAPPEN, AND THE STRESS IS KILLING US.

LUNCH TIME!

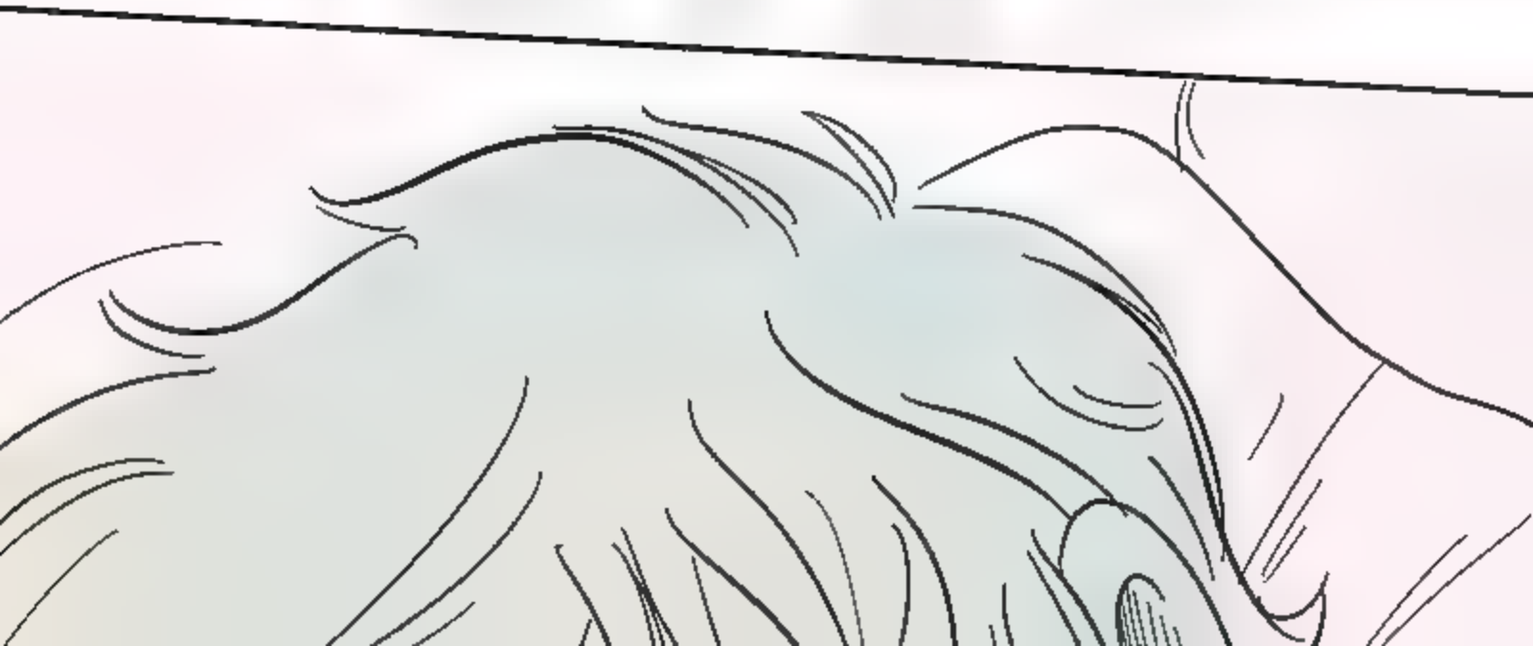
WHO'S HUNGRY?




YOU'RE GONNA LOVE THIS J, I REALLY OUTDID MYSELF.

HERE COMES THE AIRPLANE INTO THE HANGAR!

OH WAIT, WE GOTTA CHANGE PLANES IN ATLANTA FIRST. TYPICAL.



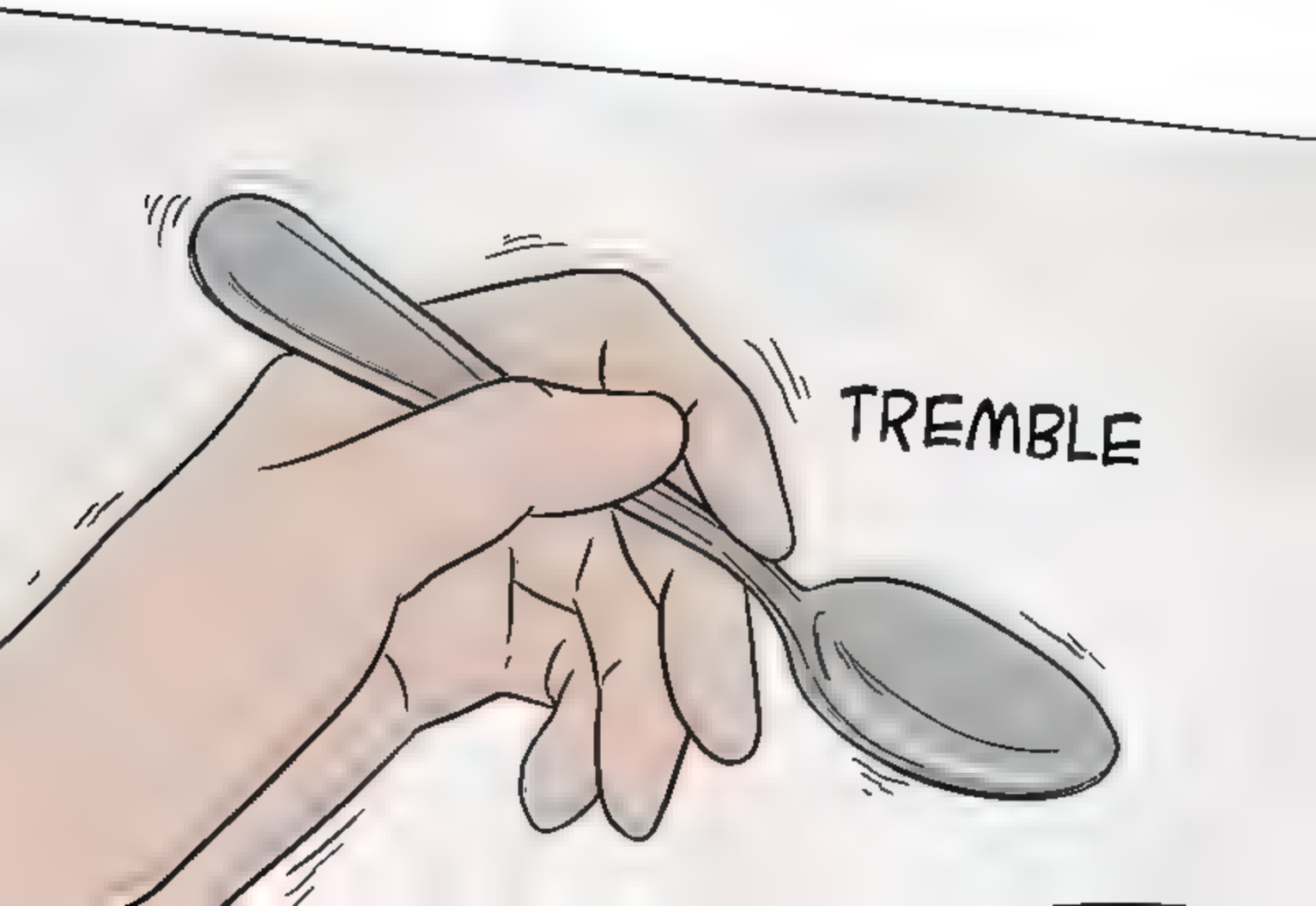
GOOD JOB, BUDDY! LET'S TRY FOR TWO, OKAY?

DOIN' GREAT, BRO...

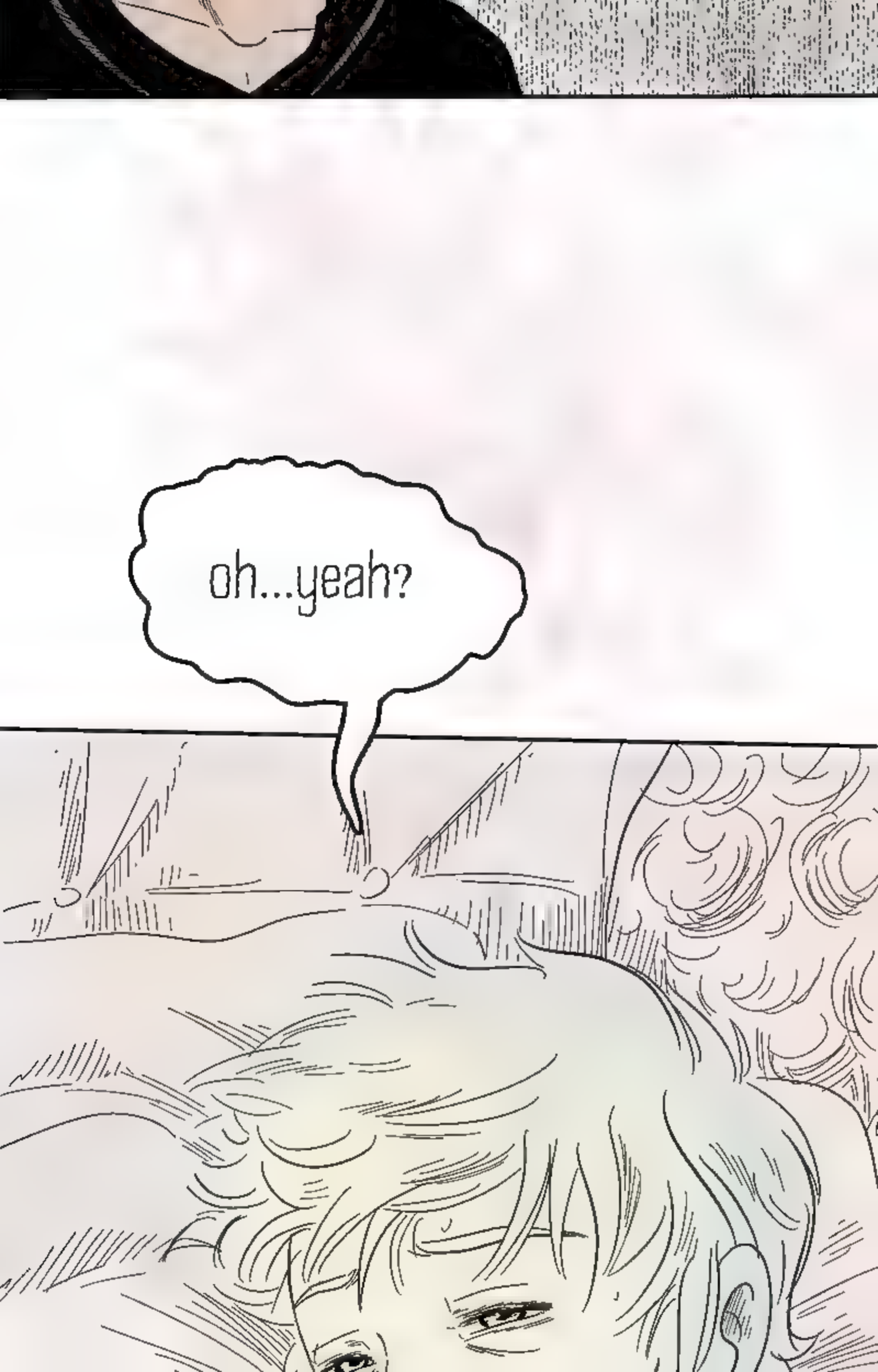
th-thanks
Felix...

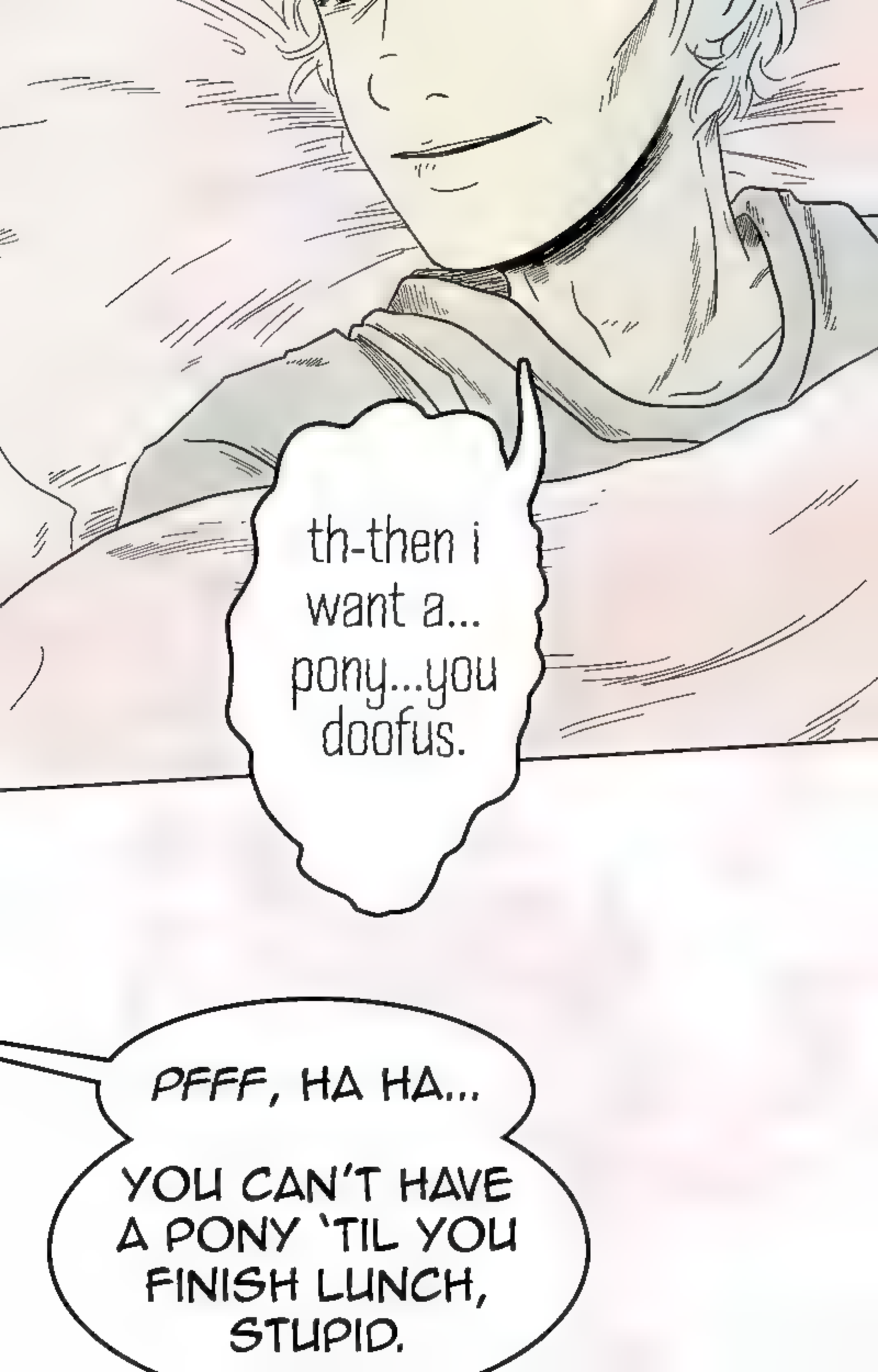
J...
JEREMY...
HE ACTUALLY...

th-thank...s
f-for...for
ev...rything...



N...NO PROBLEM, J. JUST...
ANYTHING...
ANYTHING YOU WANT, BUDDY, YOU NAME IT, OKAY?


oh...yeah?

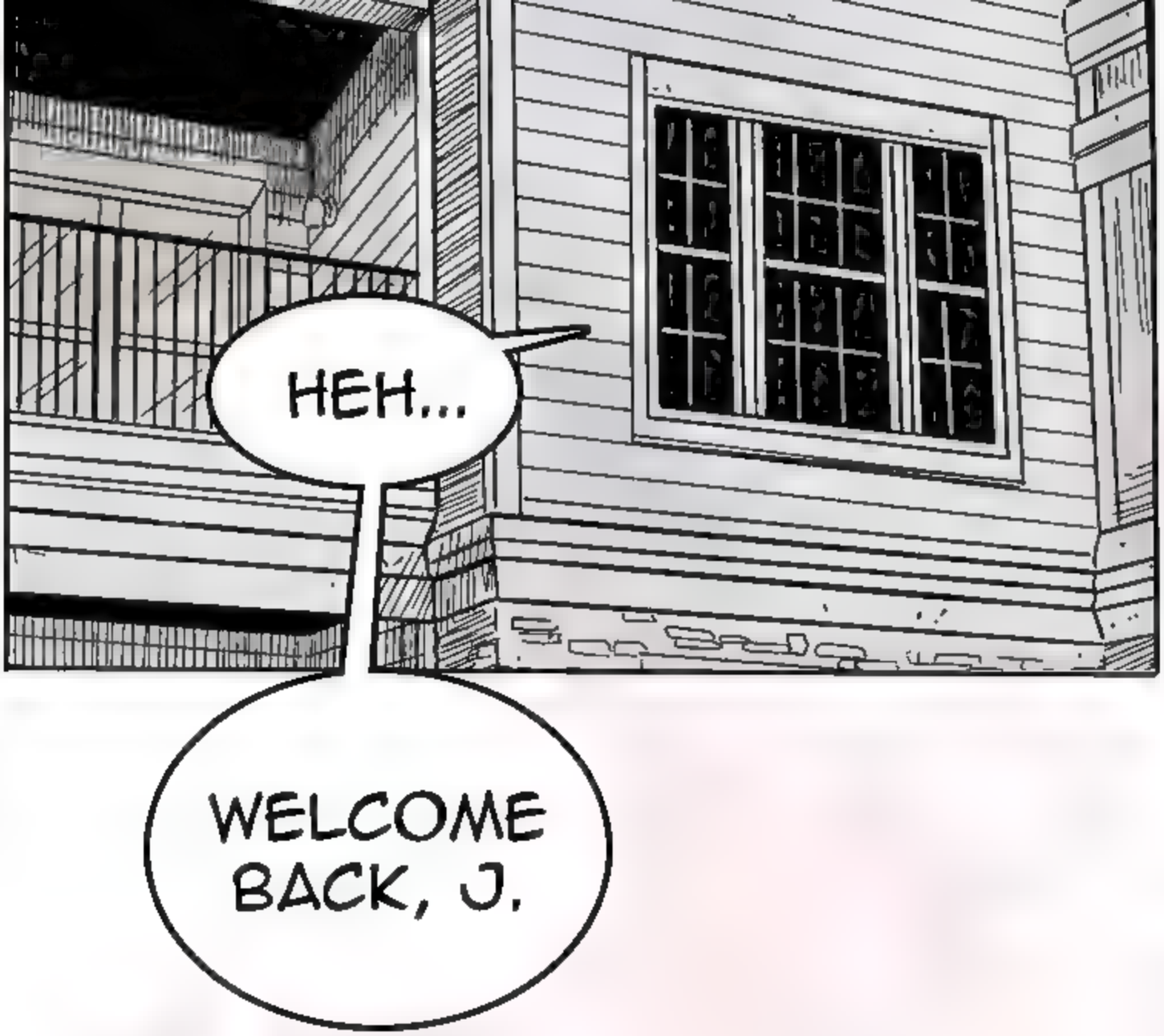

th-then i want a... pony...you doofus.
PFFF, HA HA...
YOU CAN'T HAVE A PONY 'TIL YOU FINISH LUNCH, STUPID.

...you're
s-stupid.
SNIF

WHO'S STUPID, NERD?
pshh... gym rat.

NOODLE ARMS.

h-himbo.


HEH...
WELCOME BACK, J.

TURN UP

YOUR SOUND